

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

AND

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 614.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1828.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Nollekens and his Times: comprehending a Life of that celebrated Sculptor, &c. &c.
By John Thomas Smith, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

As the present notice of this very amusing work will be the first of it in the possession of the public, we will not occupy room with prefatory remarks, which may be much more agreeably devoted to the illustration of our author. Simply premising, therefore, that we have not been more entertained since the days of Boswell's Johnson than we have been with Mr. Smith's desultory, rambling, topographical, and anecdotal miscellany of every thing which could interest a literary gossip during half a century, with a few years to boot, we shall proceed at once to communicate a part of our pleasure to our readers.

Mr. Smith was for three years a pupil of Nollekens, an acquaintance of nearly sixty years' duration, and one of his executors; so that he was well fitted for the task he has here discharged. Nollekens himself was the son of an indigent painter (originally from Antwerp), born in England in 1737, a Roman Catholic in the little religion he professed, and for ten years a student under Scheemakers. In early life he obtained several premiums for models from the Society of Arts; and in 1760 went to Rome. Here he wrought, and among other productions acquired fame and emolument from busts which he made of Garrick and Sterne; and about this period we find the following records:—

"Whilst Mr. Nollekens was at Rome, he was recognised by Mr. Garrick with the familiar exclamation of, 'What! let me look at you! are you the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes at the Society of Arts?' 'Yes, sir,' being the answer, Mr. Garrick invited him to breakfast the next morning, and kindly sat to him for his bust, for which he paid him 12*l*. 12*s*.; and I have not only often heard Mr. Nollekens affirm that the payment was made in 'gold,' but that this was the first busto he ever modelled. Sterne also sat to him when at Rome; and that bust brought him into great notice. With this performance Nollekens continued to be pleased even to his second childhood, and often mentioned a picture which Dance had made of him leaning upon Sterne's head. During his residence in Italy he gained the Pope's gold medal for a basso-relievo, which will be noticed in the second volume. Barry, the historical painter, who was extremely intimate with Nollekens at Rome, took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English coffee-house, to exchange hats with him; Barry's was edged with lace, and Nollekens's was a very shabby plain one. Upon his returning the hat the next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him know why he left him his gold-laced hat. 'Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey,' answered Barry, 'I fully ex-

pected assassination last night: and I was to have been known by my laced hat.' This villainous transaction, which might have proved fatal to Nollekens, I have often heard him relate; and he generally added, 'It's what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem.'

"The patrons of Nollekens, being characters professing taste and possessing wealth, employed him as a very shrewd collector of antique fragments; some of which he bought on his own account; and, after he had dexterously restored them with heads and limbs, he stained them with tobacco-water, and sold them, sometimes by way of favour, for enormous sums. My old friend, Mr. George Arnald, A.R.A., favoured me with the following anecdote, which he received immediately from Mr. Nollekens, concerning some of these fragments. Jenkins, a notorious dealer in antiques and old pictures, who resided at Rome for that purpose, had been commissioned by Mr. Locke of Norbury Park, to send him any piece of sculpture which he thought might suit him, at a price not exceeding one hundred guineas; but Mr. Locke, immediately upon the receipt of a head of Minerva, which he did not like, sent it back again, paying the carriage and all other expenses. Nollekens, who was then also a resident in Rome, having purchased a trunk of a Minerva for fifty pounds, found, upon the return of this head, that its proportion and character accorded with his torso. This discovery induced him to accept an offer made by Jenkins of the head itself; and two hundred and twenty guineas to share the profits. After Nollekens had made it up into a figure, or, what is called by the venders of botched antiques, 'restored it,' which he did at the expense of about twenty guineas more for stone and labour, it proved a most fortunate hit, for they sold it for the enormous sum of one thousand guineas! and it is now at Newby in Yorkshire. The late celebrated Charles Townley and the late Henry Blundell, Esqrs. were two of his principal customers for antiques. Mr. Nollekens was likewise an indefatigable inquirer after terracottas, executed by the most celebrated sculptors, Michel Angelo, John di Bologna, Fiamingo, &c. The best of these he reserved for himself until the day of his death. The late Earl of Besborough and the late Lord Selsey were much attached to Mr. Nollekens at this time,—but his greatest friend was the late Lord Yarborough. For that nobleman he executed many very considerable works in marble, for which he received most liberal and immediate payment. Nollekens, who wished upon all occasions to save every shilling he possibly could, was successful in another manœuvre. He actually succeeded as a smuggler of silk stockings, gloves, and lace; his contrivance was truly ingenious, and perhaps it was the first time that the custom-house officers had ever been so taken in. His method was this: all his plaster busts being hollow, he stuffed them full of the above articles, and then spread an outside coating of plaster at the back across the shoulders of each,

so that the busts appeared like solid casts. His mode of living when at Rome was most filthy: he had an old woman, who, as he stated, 'did for him,' and she was so good a cook, that she would often give him a dish for dinner, which cost him no more than three-pence. 'Nearly opposite to my lodgings,' he said, 'there lived a pork-butcher, who put out at his door at the end of the week a plateful of what he called cuttings, bits of skin, bits of gristle, and bits of fat, which he sold for two-pence, and my old lady dished them up with a little pepper and a little salt; and with a slice of bread, and sometimes a bit of vegetable, I made a very nice dinner.' Whenever good dinners were mentioned, he was sure to say, 'Ay, I never tasted a better dish than my Roman cuttings.' By this time, the name of Nollekens was pretty well known on the Stock Exchange of London, as a holder to a considerable amount."

In 1771, enriched by such rascally pursuits, he was elected an associate, and in the following year a royal academician; and his practice in London increased to the utmost extent. He then married a Miss Welch (daughter of Justice Welch, and the Pekuah in *Rasselas*); an admirable match, if penuriousness and selfish wretchedness could make a match admirable. He was not surpassed by Elwes himself; and of her likeness, praised be the sex! we never read of a sufficiently miserly prototype.

"During the time (says his biographer) I was with him, he now and then gave a dinner, particularly when his steadfast friend Lord Yarborough, then the Hon. Mr. Pelham, sent his annual present of venison; and it is most surprising to consider how many persons of good sense and high talent visited Mrs. Nollekens, though it probably was principally owing to the good character her father and sister held in society. Dr. Johnson and Miss Williams were often there, and they generally arrived in a hackney-coach, on account of Miss Williams's blindness. When the doctor sat to Mr. Nollekens for his bust, he was very much displeased at the manner in which the head had been loaded with hair, which the sculptor insisted upon, as it made him look more like an ancient poet. The sittings were not very favourable, which rather vexed the artist, who, upon opening the street-door, a vulgarity he was addicted to, peevishly whined—'Now, doctor, you did say you would give my busto half an hour before dinner, and the dinner has been waiting this long time.' To which the doctor's reply was, 'Bow-wow-wow!' The bust is a wonderfully fine one, and very like, but certainly the sort of hair is objectionable; having been modelled from the flowing locks of a sturdy Irish beggar, originally a street pavior, who, after he had sat an hour, refused to take a shilling, stating that he could have made more by begging! Doctor Johnson also considered this bust like him; but, whilst he acknowledged the sculptor's ability in his art, he could not avoid observing to his friend Boswell, when they were looking at it: in Nolle-

kens's studio, 'It is amazing what ignorance of certain points one sometimes finds in men of eminence' though, from want of knowing the sculptor, a visitor, when viewing his studio, was heard to say, 'What a mind the man must have from whom all these emanated!'

"His singular and parsimonious habits were most observable in his domestic life. Coals were articles of great consideration with Mr. Nollekens; and these he so rigidly economised, that they were always sent early, before his men came to work, in order that he might have leisure time for counting the sacks, and disposing of the large coals in what was originally designed by the builder of his house for a wine-cellar, so that he might lock them up for parlour use. Candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening; and whenever they heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, lest the first should have been a runaway and their candle wasted. Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens used a flat candlestick when there was any thing to be done; and I have been assured that a pair of moulds, by being well nursed, and put out when company went away, once lasted them a whole year!"

In the following we observe no order of classification; trusting to the piquancy of the stories themselves to reward the trouble of their perusal.

"Mr. Fountain, who succeeded Mr. De la Place in Mary-le-bone Gardens school, was once walking with Handel round Mary-le-bone Gardens, and, upon hearing music which he could not understand, observed to Handel, 'This is d—d stuff!' 'It may be d—d stuff, but it is mine,' rejoined Handel."

Of Stevens, the commentator on Shakspeare: "Mrs. Swan, an aged woman, who lets ready-furnished lodgings in Hampstead, and who married Stevens's gardener, assured me that no creature on earth could be more afraid of death than Stevens; that on the day of his decease he came into the kitchen, where she and her husband were sitting at dinner, snatched at their pudding, which he ate most voraciously, at the same time defying the grinning monster in the most terrific language."

"I once heard Mr. Nollekens relate an anecdote in the presence of Mr. Richard Dalton, then librarian to King George III., which will shew how well his majesty must have been acquainted with even the religious persuasions, as well as the faces and family connexions, of his subjects. 'When I was modelling the king's busto,' observed Mr. Nollekens, 'I was commanded to go to receive the king at Buckingham House, at seven o'clock in the morning, for that was the time his majesty shaved. After he had shaved himself, and before he had put on his stock, I modelled my busto. I sat him down, to be even with myself, and the king seeing me go about him, and about him, said to me, 'What do you want?' I said, 'I want to measure your nose. The queen tells me I have made my nose too broad.' 'Measure it then,' said the king. 'Ay, my good friend,' observed Dalton, who had been intimate with Nollekens during their stay at Rome, 'I have heard it often mentioned in the library; and it has also been affirmed that you pricked the king's nose with your said callipers. I will tell you what the king said of you when you did not attend according to command, one morning.—Nollekens is not come: I forgot, it is a saint's day, and he is a Catholic.' The following anecdote is current, but on what authority it rests, I know not; allowing the story to be true, it could come only from an attend-

ant on the king—certainly not from his majesty, nor from Nollekens; however, I could name half-a-dozen persons who continue to relate it. The story runs thus. When Mr. Nollekens attended the king the following day, to receive his majesty's commands as to the time for the next sitting, as he approached the royal presence, instead of making an apology on the saint's account, he merely wished to know when he might be allowed to go on with his busto? The king, however, with his usual indulgence to persons as ignorant as Nollekens was of the common marks of respect, observed, 'So, Nollekens, where were you yesterday?' Nollekens. 'Why, as it was a saint's day, I thought you would not have me; so I went to see the beasts fed in the Tower.' The king. 'Why did you not go to Duke Street?' Nollekens. 'Well, I went to the Tower; and do you know, they have got two such lions there! and the biggest did roar so; my heart, how he did roar!' And then he mimicked the roaring of the lion, so loud and so close to the king's ear, that his majesty moved to a considerable distance to escape the imitation, without saying, like Bottom in the comedy,

'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

A modeller keeps his clay moist by spirting water over it; and this he does by standing at a little distance with his mouth filled with water, which he spirts upon it, so that the water is sent into all the recesses of his model before he covers it up: this, it is said, Nollekens did in the king's presence, without declaring what he was about to do. However, it was not the case with Mr. Bacon, the sculptor, who had provided a long silver syringe for that purpose, before he attended the king, with which he could easily throw the water into the recesses of the model, without making so disagreeable a noise in his majesty's presence. With the drapery of this bust of the king, Nollekens had more anxiety and trouble than with any of his other productions: he assured Mr. Joseph, the associate of the Royal Academy, that after throwing the cloth once or twice every day for nearly a fortnight, it came excellently well, by mere chance, from the following circumstance. Just as he was about to make another trial with his drapery, his servant came to him for money for butter; he threw the cloth carelessly over the shoulders of his lay-man, in order to give her the money, when he was forcibly struck with the beautiful manner in which the folds had fallen; and he hastily exclaimed, pushing her away, 'Go, go, get the butter.' And he has frequently been heard to say, that that drapery was by far the best he ever cast for a busto.

"Perhaps (adds Mr. S. who is talking of whole-lengths) it now may be better, by way of variety, to give a few of Mr. Nollekens's recollections; but before they are related, a description of his person may not be considered as out of place. His figure was short, his head big, and it appeared much increased by a large-crowned hat, of which kind he was very fond; but his dress-hat, which he always sported when he went to court, or to the Academy dinners, was nearly flat, and he brought it from Rome. His neck was short, his shoulders narrow, his body too large, particularly in the front lower part, which resembled that of Tenduoci, and many other falsetto-singers; he was bow-legged and hook-nosed,—indeed, his leg was somewhat like his nose, which resembled the rudder of an Antwerp packet-boat; his hips were rather thin, but between his brows there was great evidence of study. He was very fond of his ruffles, and continued to

wear them long after they had become unfashionable; indeed, until they were worn out. A drab was his favourite colour, and his suit was generally made from the same piece; though now and then he would treat himself with a striped Manchester waistcoat, of one of which he was so fond, that he sat to Abbot for his portrait in it; an engraving from which may be seen in Messrs. Cadell's Collection of interesting contemporary Portraits, where he is represented leaning on his bust of Fox, which brought him into more notice than any other of his productions. His dress-stockings were also rather remarkable, being ornamented with blue and white stripes, similar to those constantly and so lately worn by Sir Thomas Stepney, an old member of White's, in St. James's-street; of which house of notoriety the annexed anecdote, extracted from the Rev. W. Cole's MSS. in the British Museum, shall conclude this chapter, and may probably be found entertaining to the reader. 'The following humorous address was supposed to have been written by Colonel Lyttelton, brother to Sir George Lyttelton, in 1752, on his Majesty's return from Hanover, when numberless addresses were presented. White's Chocolate House, near St. James's Palace, was the famous gaming-house, where most of the nobility had meetings, and a society. It was given to me December 8th, 1752.

'The Gamblers' Address to the King.

'Most righteous Sovereign,—May it please your majesty, we, the lords, knights, &c. of the Society of White's, beg leave to throw ourselves at your majesty's feet (our honours and consciences lying under the table, and our fortunes being ever at stake), and congratulate your majesty's happy return to these kingdoms, which assembles us together, to the great advantage of some, the ruin of others, and the unspeakable satisfaction of all, both us, our wives and children. We beg leave to acknowledge your majesty's great goodness and lenity, in allowing us to break those laws which we ourselves have made, and you have sanctified and confirmed; while your majesty alone religiously observes and regards them. And we beg leave to assure your majesty of our most unfeigned loyalty and attachment to your sacred person; and that next to the kings of diamonds, clubs, spades, and hearts, we love, honour, and adore you.' To which his majesty was pleased to return this most gracious answer.

'My lords and gentlemen,—I return you my thanks for your loyal address; but whilst I have such rivals in your affection, as you tell me of, I can neither think it worth preserving nor regarding. I look upon you yourselves as a pack of cards, and shall deal with you accordingly.'—See Cole's MSS. vol. xxxi. p. 171, in the British Museum.

"To prove the wonderfully sagacious and retentive memory of Mrs. Garrick's little dog Biddy, and how much she must have noticed her master when rehearsing his parts at home, I shall give (says Mr. S.) the following most extraordinary anecdote, as nearly as I can, in the manner in which Mrs. Garrick related it to me a short time before her death. 'One evening, after Mr. Garrick and I were seated in our box at Drury-lane Theatre, he said, 'Surely there is something wrong on the stage,' and added, he would go and see what it was. Shortly after this, when the curtain was drawn up, I saw a person come forward to speak a new prologue, in the dress of a country bumpkin, whose features seemed new to me; and whilst I was wondering who it could possibly be, I felt my

little dog's tail wag, for he was seated in my lap, his usual place at the theatre, looking towards the stage. "Aha!" said I, "what, do you know him? is it your master? then you have seen him practise his part?"

"When Doctor Burney lived in St. Martin's Street, he frequently indulged his friends in small *recherché* musical parties; at one of which, whilst Piozzi and Signora Cori (le Minicri) were singing a duettino enchantingly, accompanied by her husband Dominica on the violin (the father of Madame Dussek), Nollekens happened to drop in by accident; and after the bravos, bravissimos, and all the expressive ogles of admiration had diminished, Nollekens called out, 'Doctor Burney, I don't like that kind of music, I heard a great deal of it in Italy, but I like the Scotch and English music better.'—Doctor Burney, with some degree of irritation, stepping forward, replied, 'Suppose a person to say, 'Well, I have been to Rome, saw the Apollo, and many fine works, but for all that, give me a good barber's block.'—'Ay, that would be talking like a fool,' rejoined the sculptor."

"During my long intimacy with Mr. Nollekens, I never once heard him mention the name of the sweetest bard that ever sang, from whose luxuriant garden most artists have gathered their choicest flowers. To the beauties of the immortal Shakspeare he was absolutely insensible, nor did he ever visit the theatre when his plays were performed; though he was actively alive to a pantomime, and frequently spake of the capital and curious tricks in Harlequin Sorcerer. He also recollected with pleasure Mr. Rich's wonderful and singular power of scratching his ear with his foot like a dog; and the street-exhibition of Punch and his wife delighted him beyond expression."

"Miss Welch brought down upon herself his eternal hatred, by kindly venturing to improve him in his spelling. She was a friendly and benevolent woman; and I am indebted to her and the amiable Mrs. Barker for many acts of kindness during the time I was labouring under a tremendous loss by fire. One evening, when I was drinking tea with her at her lodgings, No. 69, in Newman Street, she shewed me a little book in which she had put down Mr. Nollekens's way of spelling words in 1780, with the manner in which they should be written. I copied a few of them with her permission, which, I must say, she gave me with some reluctance, notwithstanding she disliked Nollekens most cordially, though they were both Catholics. The following instances may serve as specimens: 'yousual, scenceble, obbligin, modle, wery, gentilman, promist, sarvices, desier, English, perscription, hardently, jenerly, moust, dewover, Jellis, Retier, sarved, themselfs, could for cold, clargeman, facis, cuple, fourse, sun for son, boath sexis, daly, horsis, ladie, cheif, talkin, tould, shee, sarch, paing, ould mades, racis, yoummer in his face, palas, oke, lemman, are-bolloom, sammon, chimsters, for chemists, yoke for yolk, grownd, &c. &c.' Let me, however, entreat my readers to believe that I detest the character of a critic of words, and that my only motive for touching upon Mr. Nollekens's ignorance in the year 1780, is to induce them to believe, that when he made so many codicils above forty years afterwards, he did not know the true meaning of many words that we now and then find in testamentary writings. A curious specimen or two will be given in a future page of this work, of his ignorance of the true meaning of words pronounced by him, even at a moment when most persons believed him to be perfectly sane."

"Before he became the reader of the daily papers, he frequently amused himself by recording on the covers of letters what he considered curious daily events; and by looking over these scraps, he was not only pleased, but would endeavour to amuse his friends by now and then reading them aloud. As for works on art, he cared for neither 'Shee's Rhymes,' 'Flaxman's Homer,' nor Blake's 'Songs of Innocence.' The following memoranda were copied from the back of one of his charcoal sketches, and will at once convince the reader of the estimation in which he sometimes held his leisure moments:—1803, May 23d. Lady Newborough brought forth a second sun. Sweep the parlour and kitchen chimneys. Clean the cestern in the kitchen. Lent Northcott the cable rope and the piece of hoke tre.—1805, Dec. 30th. Mrs. Whiteford brought to bed of a sun.—1806, Feb. 8th. Died Mrs. Peck, in Marlborough Street.—April 14th. The Duke of Gloster came to my house.—June 28th. The Duke and Duches of York came to my house.—July 7th. His R. H. the Duke of Cumberland made me a visit.—July 19th. Lord Wellesley began to set.—August 4th. Sent to Lord Yarborough the head of Sir Isaac Nuton.—1808, December 16th. Sent Mr. Bignell, by order of Lady Jersey, Lord Jersey's head in a case.—1809, Jan. 12th. Cast-off Mr. Pitt for Mr. Wilberforce, by order of Lord Muncaster.—April 11th. The Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Cambridge, made me a visit." Mr. Nollekens, when modelling the statue of Pitt, for the Senate House, Cambridge, threw his drapery over his man Dody, who after standing in an immovable position for the unconscionable space of two hours, had permission to come down and rest himself; but the poor fellow found himself so stiff, that he could not move. 'What!' exclaimed Nollekens, 'can't you move yourself?' then you had better stop a bit.' I am sorry to say there are other artists who go on painting with as little compassion for their models. Mr. Arminger has declared that, in eating, nothing could exceed the meanness of Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens; for whenever they had a present of a leveret, which they always called a hare, they contrived, by splitting it, to make it last for two dinners for four persons. The one half was roasted, and the other juggled."

We must close here till Saturday next, when another fund of anecdote shall be presented to our friends who are fond (as nearly all the world are) of this species of light reading.

Rienzi: a Tragedy. By Miss Mitford. 12mo. pp. 66. London, 1828. J. Cumberland.

OUR opinion of this tragedy has been already expressed, and the perusal only induces a repetition; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with a few extracts.

"Angelo. Thy father loves thee, sweetest, With a proud dotage, almost worshipping The idol it hath framed. Thou fearst not him?
Claudia. Alas! I have learned to fear him; he is changed, Grievously changed: still good and kind, and full Of fond relentings—crossed by sudden gusts Of wild and stormy passion. I have learned A daughter's trembling love. Then, he's so silent—He, once so eloquent. Of old, each show, Bridal, or joust, or pious pilgrimage, Lived in his vivid speech. Oh! 'twas my joy, In that bright glow of rapid words, to see Clear pictures, as the slow procession rolled Its glittering length, or stately tournament—Grew statelier, in his voice. Now he sits mute—His serious eyes bent on the ground—each sense Turned inward."

"A and wise man, of daring eye, and free, Yet mystic speech. When ye have laughed, I still Have shuddered, for his darkling words oft fell Like oracles, answering with dim response To my unspoken thoughts, so that my spirit,

Albeit unused to womanish fear, hath quailed To hear his voice's deep vibration. Watch him! Be sure he is ambitious. Watch him, lords! He hath o'erleapt the barrier, poverty! Hath conquered his mean parentage: hath clomb To decent station, to high lettered fame;— The pontiff's notary, the honoured friend Of Petrarch. Watch him well."

The following is very characteristic.

"Colonna. Joined! by what tie?
Rienzi. By hatred— By danger—the two hands that tightest grasp Each other—the two cords that soonest knit A fast and stubborn tie: your true-love knot is nothing to it. Faugh! the supple touch Of plant interest, or the dust of time, Or the pin-point of temper, loose, or rot, Or snap love's aliken band. Fear and old hate, They are sure weavers—they work for the storm, The whirlwind, and the rocking surge; their knot Endures till death."

The ensuing scene, too, contrasts prettily with the strife and hurry of the others.

"Cla. Mine own dear home!
Father, I love not this new state; these halls, Where comfort dies in vastness; these trim maids, Whose service warbles me. Oh! mine old home! My quiet, pleasant chamber, with the myrtle Woven round the casement; and the cedar by, Shading the sun; my garden overgrown With flowers and herbs, thick-set as grass in fields; My pretty snow-white doves; my kindest nurse; And old Camillo. Oh! mine own dear home!
Rie. Why, simple child, thou hast thine old fond nurse, And good Camillo, and shalt have thy doves, Thy myrtles, flowers, and cedars; a whole province Laid in a garden, art thou wilt. My Claudia, Hast thou not learnt thy power? Ask orient gems, Diamonds, and sapphires, in rich caskets, wrought By cunning goldsmiths; sigh for rarest birds, Of farthest Ind, like winged flowers, to flit Around thy stately bower; and, at thy wish, The precious toys shall wait thee. Old Camillo! Thou shalt have nobler servants,—emperors, kings, Electors, princes! not a bachelor In Christendom but would right proudly kneel To my fair daughter."

"Cla. Oh! mine own dear home!
Rie. Wilt have a list to choose from? Listen, sweet! If the tall cedar, and the branchy myrtle, And the white doves, were tell-tales, I would ask them Whose was the shadow on the sunny wall? And if, at eventide, they heard not oft A tuneless mandoline, and then a voice, Clear in its manly depth, whose tide of song O'erwhelmed the quivering instrument; and then A world of whispers, mixed with low response, Sweet, short, and broken, as divided strains Of nightingales."

We now leave it to that dramatic career in which we wish it all possible success. It is, indeed, no small credit that a female has, in the present age, been the author of three successful tragedies.

The Amulet; or, Christian and Literary Remembrancer for 1829. Pp. 394. Edited by C. S. Hall. London, E. Westley and Davis; and Wightman and Cramp.

HERE is another of our pleasing annual visitors, in its handsome dress of green and gold; and internally adorned with many elegances both of art and literature. About eighty contributions in prose and verse form its interesting and various contents, to which it may suffice to say, that the names of Southey, Hemans, Mitford, L. E. L., Croly, Montgomery, Atherstone, Kennedy, Motherwell, Hervey, Walsh, Coleridge, Porter, Pringle, and many other well known and popular writers, are attached. It may readily be supposed that the whole offers a treat worthy of the public favour which has hitherto attended this volume; differing, as it does, a little from its contemporaries, by taking a graver and more moral and religious tone. Among the sweetest and most original of the poetical compositions, we would point out the *Rose of Castle Howard*, by Croly; *Woman and Fame*, by Mrs. Hemans; the *Wooing Song of Jarl Egill*, by Motherwell; *Stanzas*, by T. K. Hervey; the *Temple of Victory*, by C. Swain; *Change*, by L. E. L.; *Wisdom*, by L. F. H.; and the *Spanish Flower-Girl*, by Kennedy;—but it is almost, if not

altogether, an injustice to other graceful or striking productions, to particularise these.

From some interesting Notices of the Canadian Indians, by Edward Walsh, M.D., physician to his Majesty's forces, we select the following example of the prose.

"Of all regions, the Canadas seem most congenial to the British habits. The soil and climate are, in the highest degree, fertile and salubrious. There are some countries which, from an unknown constitution of the atmosphere, seem to be exempt from certain fatal diseases that infest their neighbours; thus the plague never visits Persia, nor the yellow fever the Canadas. I have only to regret one consequence that results, or will inevitably result, from the rapid increase of the population of British America, and that is, the utter extinction or absorption of the aboriginal natives. The red and the white people cannot co-exist in the same place. Many well-informed writers have described the country and its inhabitants, and treated at large of American population. I am willing to contribute my gleanings, collected during a residence of more than five years among them, and to testify, 'before they go hence, and be no more seen,' that an unlettered, but interesting race of *red people* had existed. The opportunities I had of mixing with these people, and knowing them well, were such as do not usually happen to those who merely visit the country. Shortly after my arrival, one of these occurred, which I was glad to avail myself of. Among the misfortunes which the migration of Europeans to America has brought on the natives, is the introduction of the small-pox, from the scourge of which they had before been exempt. Diseases are always most fatal when they seize, for the first time, fresh victims; and this spread its ravages among the red people, with the resistless fury of a conflagration. I shall mention one instance of its devastating effects. A distant tribe in alliance with the Chipewas had been in a flourishing state, when it was first attacked by this awful pest. In vain their priests, prophets, and physicians, attempted to arrest its progress; they themselves became its victims. The survivors shifted their encampments from place to place; the inexorable pestilence pursued them, till the whole nation perished, with the exception of one family—a man, his wife, and child. This 'last man' fled towards the British settlements, and was seen to pitch his wigwam on the edge of the forest; but here, too, his enemy found him. The woman and child sickened and died—the last survivor dug their grave, and laid them in it; he then sat down on the edge of the grave, and in this attitude he was found by a passing trader. Him he requested to cover him up with his wife and child; and then, giving himself a mortal wound, he flung himself upon their bodies. The Indians seldom, if ever, commit suicide; but this was an extreme case, which put to the test the fortitude even of

'The Stoic of the woods—the man without a tear.'

Dr. Walsh went on the humane mission of introducing vaccination.

"Having performed this first and important duty, I applied myself to study the Indian character and manners; and no situation could be better calculated for the purpose. Most of these tribes had, as yet, little intercourse with European practices; and they brought with them, and practised, all their primitive habits, their languages, oratory, gala dresses, dances, amusements, and religious ceremonies. They hunted for us every day, and we occasionally joined their parties. Our table was abund-

antly and sumptuously supplied with venison, fish, wild turkey, pheasant, and partridges; and we were daily tempted with bear, porcupine, racoon, squirrel, dog-flesh, and rattle-snake soup,—these being the choicest delicacies of an Indian mess; and some extraordinary ceremony or usage was continually occurring, at which I was present. The first to which my attention was directed, was a matter of great curiosity and interest, which I had often heard of, but never before had an opportunity of witnessing. This was the initiation of a young warrior into the society, or college of magicians. The ceremony is conducted with a deal of mystery, and none but distinguished chiefs admitted to be spectators. By special favour I was allowed to stand in the circle. The aspirant had been severely disciplined, in a state of probation, for some time before. There was a small arched hut constructed, very close, and barely high enough for him to sit up. A dog having been previously sacrificed, the bones were scraped, and wrapped up in its skin. The aspirant was placed, sitting, at the little door; he was entirely naked, his body oiled, and painted in stripes of black, white, and red, and his head decorated with porcupine quills, and powdered with swans-down. All being now ready, the most extraordinary figure that was ever seen among the demons of the theatre, strode out of his wigwam. He was a Miami chief, gaunt and big-boned, and upwards of six feet high. His face was terrific. Projecting brows overhung a pair of keen, small, black eyes; the nose large, prominent, and angular; visage lengthy; chin square and long, with a bushy beard; and a mouth which appeared to extend from ear to ear. A white line divided his features; one side was painted black, the other red. His head-dress was made of the shaggy skin of a buffalo's forehead, with the ears and horns on. A buffalo robe hung on his broad shoulders, the inside of which was wrought in figures of sun, moon, and stars, and other hieroglyphics. The okama-paw-waw, or chief worker of miracles, now addressed the young aspirant, in a short speech, uttered with a deep intonation, as from the bottom of his breast. He then flung a small pebble at him, with some force. The Indian, the instant he was hit, fell back, and appeared to be in a swoon. Two assistants, with hooded skins over their heads, thrust him head foremost, in this state of insensibility, into the hut, which had previously been heated with hot stones, upon which water was thrown, to raise a vapour. While this was performing, the grand paw-waw threw himself on the ground, muttering words, as if he was talking to somebody; rolling himself from side to side, and working like one in strong convulsions. In this state he was dragged into his wigwam, and left there to dream. In about half an hour he sallied forth, and made a sign; upon which the assistants drew out by the heels the miserable candidate from his oven. He was bathed in a clammy sweat, and had the appearance of having actually expired, evincing no perceptible respiration or pulse. The great paw-waw, no ways disconcerted, stooped over him, and uttered aloud his incantations. The two assistants sat on either side, each with a skin pouch, in which was some ignited substance, the smoke of which they puffed into his ears. In a few minutes, he fetched a deep sigh, and opened his eyes. The high priest then put a calabash, in which was some liquor, to his mouth; after which he soon recovered. The spectators then testified the strongest signs of approbation, crying altogether, hu! hu! hu!

hoh! hoh! It was now intimated to me that I might be initiated into these mysteries; but I confess I had no wish to be further acquainted with this Miami masonry, although I was informed I should be enabled to dream dreams, to foretell events, to raise the dead, to eat fire, swallow trees, and digest bayonets. No doubt these juggling prophets, by a knowledge of medicinal plants, and by great sagacity and experience, exercise a strong, but not despotic, influence over the multitude. To these naturalists of the forest we are indebted for some of our most valuable articles of the materia medica; as sarsaparilla, jalap, snake-root, ginseng, and ipecacuanha. They are also adroit at reducing a dislocation or setting a fracture; but they do not understand blood-letting, although they practise cupping with a gourd. To introduce among them so important a practice, I gave the paw-waw, a case of lancets, and instructed him in their use; and, in return, he conferred on me his buffalo conjuring cap, which, like the mantle of the prophet, was also to confer his miraculous spirit; but not finding it efficacious, I gave it, with many other Indian articles, to a public museum, where it now is.

"The marriage ceremonies, in many particulars, were like those of the Hebrews. They purchase their wives, by making presents, as Abraham's servant purchased Rebecca for Isaac, and Jacob purchased Leah and Rachel. A young warrior addresses the father of his beloved in a short speech, to this purport:—

'Father, I love your daughter; will you give her to me? and let the small roots of her heart twine round mine.' On permission having been obtained, he brings his presents, and lays them at the door of the lodge or wigwam; if they are accepted, he visits his mistress, and remains all night with her; and so he continues to do for two or three months before the wedding is celebrated. After feasting and dancing, the high priest, or prophet finishes the ceremony, when the bride presents a cake to her husband, and he divides an ear of Indian corn between them. The bride is then carried by her bride's-maids, in a buffalo skin, to her husband's cabin. Polygamy and divorce were common to Jews and Indians; but among the latter it is not general. The Indian females are naturally gentle, modest, and silent;—they are passionately fond of their children, and are submissive slaves, and at the same time affectionately attached to their husbands. This they evince by self-immolation, after the manner of eastern wives. Among the few poisonous plants of Canada, is a shrub, which yields a wholesome fruit, but contains in its roots a deadly juice, which the widow, who wishes not to survive her husband, drinks. An eye-witness describes its effects: the woman having resolved to die, chanted her death-song and funeral service; she then drank off the poisonous juice, was seized with shivering and convulsions, and expired in a few minutes on the body of her husband. In their persons they are small and well-made; many of them, if dressed in the English fashion, would be counted pretty brunettes; their complexions are not so dark as to veil their blushes. It is curious to see them toddling after their tall husbands, loaded with gear, and perhaps an infant fastened on the top of the bundle. However, they are indemnified, when they grow old; for, as among the ancient Germans, their authority and advice are then paramount.

"The last ceremony they practise is called the feast of souls. Every three or four years, by a general agreement, they disinter all the

bodies of such as have died within that time: finding the soft parts mouldered away, they carefully clean the bones, and each family wrap up the remains of their departed friends in new furs. They are then all laid together in one common cemetery, which forms a mound, or barrow, sometimes of considerable magnitude. Many such may be seen in Upper Canada, exactly similar to those of Dorset and Wiltshire. Such remains of antiquity are, indeed, spread over the whole surface of the globe. This last grand ceremony is concluded with a feast, with dances, songs, speeches, games, and mock combats.

"The Indians have several apologues referring to the deluge, in which the ark, the raven, and dove, are alluded to. Indeed, the present aspect of the country is itself a commentary on the deluge. The soil of British America is evidently alluvial; the waters of the great lakes are subsiding, and the basins of many small ones are quite dry. The channel of the great river St. Lawrence has obviously very much contracted within its former limits. In fine, from the vigour and freshness of the vegetable kingdom, it may be fairly inferred that the ground was uncovered by the waters at a much later period than in the old world. The Indians have also a tradition that the world will be destroyed by fire. To a people ignorant of astronomy, their theory is plausible. They think that the sun is approaching nearer the earth, and that the effect is perceptible every fifty years:—of course, in time, the orb of fire must come near enough to consume it. Perhaps they adopted this notion from observing the evident amelioration of the climate. They have also various traditions of the creation and the fall of man. One has some disguised resemblance to Scripture:—'In the beginning, a few men rose out of the ground, but there was no woman among them. One of them found out a road to heaven, where he met a woman; they offended the Great Spirit, upon which they were both thrust out. They fell on the back of the tortoise; the woman was delivered of male twins: in process of time, one of these twins slew the other.'"

With all its good qualities, we need hardly add, that the *Amulet* may fairly reckon on an increased patronage.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not: a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birthday Present for 1829. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. 12mo. pp. 239. London, 1828. Hailes.

A CHARMING little volume, doing much credit to its fair lady editor, who is herself a very interesting contributor. There is a pretty tale by Mrs. Hoffman; another, which we think will be a great favourite, by the Author of *Solitary Hours*—the *Leaside Cottage*; a neat Dedication to the Princess Vittoria, by W. Kennedy; and many other *historiettes* and poems, which, we doubt not, will be very popular among our young friends. We like the following, by Allan Cunningham, very much.

"The Town Child and the Country Child.

Child of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd in the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June;
I sing of thee!—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.
Child of the town! for thee I sigh:
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless road,
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light's a lamp,

Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines:
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair.

Child of the country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet:
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the thrush sung
In April while she nursed her young;
The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins the timorous hare;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild bluebells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trout leap when the day is cool;
The shilla's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree,
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the town! for thee, alas!
Glad nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run:
A maypole is thy blossom'd tree,
A beehive is thy murmuring bee;
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
Thy poulterer dwells, beside thy hare;
Thy fruit is pluck'd, and by the pound
Hawk'd clamorous all the city round;
No roses, twinborn on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
No voice of birds—but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the winds of spring;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trout in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree
For climbing sake. 'Tis sweet to thee,
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturesome throne.
Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and cares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art cabin'd and confined
At once from sun, and dew, and wind;
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone:
The coachman there careering reels
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
And Commerce pours each poring son
In pell's pursuit and hollow run.
While, flush'd with wine and merriment,
Men rush from darkness into day,
The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
There nought can sail, save what is stark.
Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God."

We can only hope the rising generation will be duly sensible of their advantages over their grandmothers and grandfathers.

Life in India; or, the English at Calcutta. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

THERE is a degree of verisimilitude and truth in these volumes, which must render them acceptable to all who wish to see a genuine picture of life in India. From the minutiae of many of the descriptions of female feelings and conduct, the authorship is evidently fixed upon a lady, and it is equally clear that she must have resided for a considerable time in the East, and mixed with the best society there. To enhance the interest of the story, there are a series of adventures more resembling facts than fictions, and several scenes from what is called "up the country," into which somewhat more of the romantic is thrown, though, perhaps, founded on the same realities with the rest of the narrative. The pictures of the voyage out, &c. are faithful, and possess the peculiar merit of exhibiting the impressions and the proceed-

ings of the ladies on an outward-bound voyage,—full, as their bosoms are, of hopes, of fears, of flirtations, of ambitious projects, and of novel wonders, according to their respective ages, temperaments, and experience. As there have been and are many exports of this kind, we have no doubt but that curiosity will supply, from so numerous a class and its numerous relations, a multitude of readers for the perusal of these pages. There is, besides, to recommend them still farther to fair readers, lots of parties, balls, spectacles, loves, and marriages. These, however, being more of the commonplace of works of this nature than the Indian varieties, we shall make our sample extract a leaf from an account of O Meer Sing, who attacked a British escort, and plundered the convoy.

"He was known to command a numerous and desperate banditti, who for years had been the terror of the country; but as they had never before ventured to despoil the Company, the search after them had not been carried on with such vigour as to prevent their escape. When a village had been plundered, and its inhabitants murdered, parties had been sent in pursuit; which the robbers commonly evaded, by dashing into the dominions of neutral princes, whose concurrence was at all times easily secured by participation in the plunder. Here the case was different; the Company were the sufferers, and to a large amount; and government caused a statement of the offence to be sent to all their native allies, requiring their permission to let search, if necessary, be made in their territories, and assistance given to discover the robbers. Scouts were sent out in every direction, and the intelligence they received of O Meer Sing was, that he had effected his escape into Oude, and was in hiding amongst his majesty's, the King of Oude's, refractory zemindars. There Melville followed him from one native stockade to another, and was sometimes obliged to level these fortifications with the ground before he could dislodge him. He resolutely defended every place in which he took shelter to the last moment, in order to wear out his pursuers; and when further defence was impossible, mounted his horse, which was always in waiting, and fled to the next strong-hold. These stockades are protections thrown up by the landholders, to defend themselves against the exactions of the tax-gatherers; and as the one party is just as unwilling to pay what is justly due, as the other is ready to practise most grievous extortion, the affair is seldom brought to an adjustment without blows given and blood shed. The taxes are sold by the king to the highest bidders, and the takeels who purchase them have authority to make the circuit of the provinces, when the crops are upon the ground, and settle their arbitrary assessments at their own good pleasure. This is commonly to the very uttermost rupee that the state of the harvest will permit; leaving to the wretched cultivators a bare subsistence, and the satisfaction of knowing that, however luxuriant the harvest may be, the pleasure of labour is all the reward they must expect. Their honourable masters are permitted to come with a strong body of troops, and with fire and sword sweep the produce of the harvest into the royal treasury, taking care always to reserve an equal share for themselves in private, as a reward for their trouble and risk. O Meer Sing had before assisted the zemindars; now it was their turn to render him the same service. The pursuing party were by this means denied sleep or rest; even

food could be taken but by snatches; and, worn out with fatigue, and hopeless of success, Melville resolved to present himself at the court of Lucknow, and demand the interference of the Company's resident. He was now out of the Company's provinces, and in a land where every man keeps his own by the strength of his arm, and ploughs his field with his target on his back and his tulwar at his side, and is sometimes called upon to use both, in the defence of the bullocks in his plough. It is a well-known fact that, under native governments, where thieves can commonly afford to buy protection at a higher rate than better men, the eyes of power wink at the dirty sources from which the bright gold flows; and that whole villages exist, whose inhabitants are of the caste of thieves, whose fathers and grandfathers were thieves before them, and whose children will be thieves after them; and, provided they do not practise their trade too near home, and never fail in their assessments, no notice is taken: so that in such circumstances Melville experienced more obstruction than assistance from the people he was amongst, who seemed to have a natural abhorrence of all power supported by legal authority, and a kind of fellow-feeling with one who had carried off a government treasure."

Major Melville goes to see an elephant-fight:

"The plain without the lists seemed one dense mass of human creatures, all anxiously watching the movements of two huge male elephants, who drew near in opposite directions; and the combatants were led into the arena. In an instant the whole plain was in motion, as if the spectators, by moving an inch, could see better; and turbans undulated, and shawls streamed, while the rays of the sun flashed back from the gold and silver caparisons of elephants and horses, or glittered upon the jewels and sumptuous tulwars of their riders. The elephants were introduced at opposite sides of the enclosure, and the openings by which they entered securely closed after them. A clamour of exultation rose over the plain, intermixed with the shrill neighing of the horses. The combatants for a few minutes stood face to face, eyeing each other with every symptom of rising anger, which all their reputed wisdom was ineffectual to repress; then, rearing their trunks with a curve high over their heads, ran furiously at each other, uttering roars of rage, which caused all the horses in the field to rear and curvet to the imminent danger of their riders. The furious elephants came together full shock, with a noise which shook the ground like thunder, and renewed their hideous roaring; they charged again and again; their blows might be heard in alternate succession, like the strokes of a sledge-hammer, until, after what his majesty pronounced to be a very good battle, the heaviest elephant seemed evidently giving way, exhausted by his own exertions; his adversary saw his advantage, and struck him such a blow with his trunk, that, mad with pain, he turned and fled. Melville, though deeply interested in the fate of the noble animals before him, could not help being from time to time attracted by the manners and appearance of a native who stood by him, and who also seemed to survey him with more interest than the native apathy usually permits. His dress at once shewed that he was a Hindoo of high caste. It was altogether white, and of very fine materials. Melville remarked that, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, his jacket was quilted; a large

cummerbund bound his waist, set in fine and nicely-arranged folds, and firmly drawn as if for walking or riding; below it appeared a gold-linked waistband, from which his tulwar hung suspended. His turban, white as the drifted snow, was also, by its ample folds, beautifully crossed and re-crossed over each other,—a good defence against the rays of the sun or the blows of a sabre, as occasion might require. In his ears he wore gold ear-rings, and round his neck a massy broad gold collar, studded with large polished projecting knobs; on his wrists he wore bangles of the same metal, and his fingers were covered with rings; his shoes, with their long pointed curling toes, were plainer than becomed the rest of his dress, being merely yellow morocco, with a little silver embroidery on the front of the foot, and indicated that he had not come on the ground in a palanquin. His chudder was thrown over his left shoulder, much in the way of a Highland plaid, and, contrary to common custom, light enough to leave both his arms at liberty. His age Major Melville thought might be about two- or three-and-thirty; and, accustomed as he was to see graceful and dignified carriage amongst natives, he thought he had never remarked it in a greater degree than in this man. He stood with his arms folded over his bosom, and his head a little drawn back, looking intently upon the combat before him; his black eye from time to time flashed fire as he observed the successful blows, but no muscle of his finely-formed countenance moved; and while it was evident that the spirit within felt strongly, the outward man remained as immovable as if he had been carved in marble. His features, high and regular, were well calculated to express all strong passions; his coal-black hair, mustachios, and short beard, had a slight turn in the points, which might be natural or the effect of careful keeping, as there was not a single hair out of place in either, while the ruddy glow which mantled through his dark cheek shewed he was accustomed to air and exercise. When the defeated elephant turned, he cast a glance upon Melville, but without moving his head, and when he fled his nostrils dilated with scorn. Flushed with conquest, the triumphant victor followed, and his trunk repeated the blows, until the vanquished, sorely pressed and perfectly furious, effected a breach in the barrier, and rushed through the assembled multitude, crushing under foot and trampling to death every one in his way. Melville's horse became perfectly unmanageable, reared, and, spinning round on his hind legs, tried all in his power to dislodge his rider; but Melville kept his seat; and the native, who had watched his movements, seized the bridle with a practised hand, and with a jerk brought the horse to the ground, advising Melville, in Hindostanee, to lose not a moment in effecting his escape from danger; an advice with which he was well disposed to comply, but his refractory animal, in his efforts to turn him, frantic with fear, bolted forward and fell, throwing his rider just in the path which the infuriated elephant was taking. The native who had before assisted him made a spring in the same direction, and, drawing a pistol from his cummerbund, which had been concealed by his chudder, took a steady aim at the eye of the exasperated elephant, and lodged the contents in his brain. He fell with a groan, and expired; while his destroyer replaced his pistol in his belt, and disappeared."

"A hundred voices exclaimed together, 'Seize the man who dared to kill the king's

favourite elephant!' 'What are the lives of low caste men, to the king's pleasure?' 'Slaves who would be much honoured by dying under the feet of an animal who had borne the ruler of the destinies of men!' Even those whom his presence of mind had rescued from instant death, with true native servility shouted, 'Seize him! seize him! cut off his ears and his nose! off with his head for his presumption!' But this man, who seemed as active as he was resolute, ran through the opening the elephant had caused in the crowd, and crossed the road which bounded the plain, where a black horse stood picketed under a tree. A native, who watched the approach of his master, undid the heel ropes while he leaped into his saddle. His foremost pursuer just got up with him, as he mounted his well-trained steed. 'Seize O Meer Sing!' shouted the muscular chokeydar, as he ran with his target on his left arm, and brandished his tulwar with the other. 'Seize him whose name makes men's hearts to tremble, and get the price which is set upon his head, and a great name to fill the world!' But the redoubtable O Meer Sing, for it was indeed he, lost no time in useless parley; he turned round, raised himself in his stirrups, discharged his second pistol with as sure aim as he had done the first, and laid his adversary flat on the grass. The horse seemed to share the spirit and feeling of the rider; he snorted at the well-known sound of the pistol, and, skimming the earth like a swallow, was out of sight in an instant, even before his unmounted pursuers could make a second effort."

"Many of his own people had mixed with the crowd, and ran anxiously forward as if to assist in his capture, which in fact they obstructed by intercepting the pursuers and increasing the commotion. O Meer Sing took the way to the river, where a twelve-oared boat lay in readiness, her hands resting on their oars. His horse, as if perfectly acquainted with what was expected of him, leaped in, his rider still in his saddle; the boatmen pulled their oars, they flashed in the air, and notwithstanding the deep and rapid stream, the vessel, under their skilful guidance, shot quickly to the opposite side, where two or three armed horsemen waited its approach; and it had no sooner gained the shore, than the horse, with one bound as before, leaped on the bank, and continued his rapid route."

The offender is proscribed, and a price set on his head:—his future perils and escapes, and the catastrophe, fill the third volume, and form an exceedingly interesting and characteristic tale, which we recommend to all the lovers of the extraordinary; though, we believe, in this instance, it is hardly an over-charged picture of a fierce Pindaree chief and his brave and lawless band of followers.

The Anniversary; or, Poetry and Prose for 1829. Edited by Allan Cunningham. pp. 320. London, J. Sharpe.

Of the largest size of the *Annals*, in this respect resembling the *Keepsake*, our copy of the *Anniversary* has reached us too late in the week to admit of analysis. We must, however, observe, that it is indeed a beautiful volume, combining a degree of neatness and elegance in all its details, with the more striking efforts of the graphic art.

Owing to the same cause, the period at which we received it, we have confined our extracts from the *Annulet* to prose; and for the sake of variety, we shall select only specimens of poetry from the *Anniversary*; though, Going

to the Races, by Miss Mitford; the Honeycomb and Bitter Gourd, a Scottish tale; the Three Questions (the legend of a dreamer, who comes to London and obtains a fortune, which has contemporaneously figured in two other of the *Annals*); Paddy Kelleher and his Pig, an excellent Irish story; the Cameronian Preacher's Tale, by J. Hogg; and another of the same Covenanting class—a Tale of the Times of the Martyrs, extremely well told by the celebrated and Rev. Edward Irving, would at any earlier hour tempt us into quotation.

Edderline's Dream, by Professor Wilson, is a fine poem; and we regret that we can only give the most exquisite description of her sleep:—

"Castle-Oban is lost in the darkness of night,
For the moon is swept from the starless heaven,
And the latest line of lowering light
That lingered on the stormy even,
A dim-seen line, half cloud, half wave,
Hath sunk into the weltering grave.
Castle-Oban is dark without and within,
And downwards to the fearful din,
Where Ocean with his thunder shocks
Stuns the green foundation rocks,
Through the grim abyss that mocks his eye,
Ort hath the eerie watchman sent
A shuddering look, a shivering sigh,
From the edge of the howling battlement!

Therein is a lonesome room,
Undisturbed as some old tomb
That, built in a forest glen,
Far from feet of living men,
And sheltered by its black pine-trees
From sound of rivers, lochs, and seas,
Flings back its arched gateway tall,
At times to some great funeral!
Noiseless as a central cell
In the bosom of a mountain
Where the fairy people dwell,
By the cold and sunless fountain!
Breathless as a holy shrine,
When the voice of palms is shed!
And there upon her stately bed,
While her raven locks recline
O'er an arm more pure than snow,
Motionless beneath her head,—
And through her large fair eyelids shine
Shadowy dreams that come and go,
By too deep bliss disquieted,—
There sleeps in love and beauty's glow,
The high-born Lady Edderline.

Lo! the lamp's wan fitful light,
Glides—gliding round the golden rim!
Restored to life, now glancing bright,
Now just expiring, faint and dim!
Like a spirit loath to die,
Contending with its destiny.
All dark! a momentary veil
Is o'er the sleeper! now a pale
Uncertain beauty glimmers faint,
And now the calm face of the saint
With every feature reappears,
Celestial in unconscious tears!
Another gleam! how sweet the while,
Those pictured faces on the wall,
Through the midnight silence smile!
Shades of fair ones, in the aisle
Vaulted the castle cliffs below,
To nothing mouldered, one and all,
Ages long ago!

From her pillow, as if driven
By an unseen demon's hand
Disturbing the repose of heaven,
Hath fallen her head! The long black hair,
From the fillet's silken band
In dishevelled masses riven,
Is streaming downwards to the floor.
Is the last convulsion o'er?
And will that length of glorious tresses,
So laden with the soul's distresses,
By those fair hands in morning light,
Above those eyelids opening bright,
Be braided nevermore!
No, the lady is not dead.
Though flung thus wildly o'er her bed;
Like a wretched corsé upon the shore,
That lies until the morning brings
Searchings, and shrieks, and sorrowings;
Or, haply, to all eyes unknown,
Is borne away without a groan,
On a chance plank, 'mid joyful cries
Of birds that pierce the sunny skies
With seaward dash, or in calm bands
Parading o'er the silvery sands,
Or mid the lovely flush of shells,
Passing to burnish crest or wing.
No fading footmark see that tells
Of that poor unremembered thing!

O dreadful is the world of dreams,
When all that would a chaos seems
Of thoughts so fixed before!
When heaven's own face is tinged with blood!
And friends cross o'er our solitude,
Now friends of ours no more!
Or, dearer to our hearts than ever,
Keep stretching forth, with vain endeavour,
Their pale and passionless arms,
To clasp us phantoms, as we go
Along the void like drifting snow,
To far-off nameless lands!
Yet all the while we know not why,
Nor where those dismal regions lie,
Half hoping that a curse so deep
And wild can only be in sleep,
And that some overpowering scream
Will break the fetters of the dream,
And let us back to waking life,
Filled though it be with care and strife;
Since there at least the wretch can know
The meanings on the face of woe,
Assured that no mock shower is shed
Of tears upon the real dead,
Or that his bliss, indeed, is bliss,
When bending o'er the death-like cheek
Of one who scarcely seems alive,
At every cold but breathing kiss,
He hears a saving angel speak—
"Thy love will yet revive!"

A Farewell to the Year, by Mr. Lockhart,
from the Spanish of Luis Baylon, is highly
poetical and touching.

"Hark, friends, it strikes! the year's last hour:
A solemn sound to hear:
Come, fill the cup, and let us pour
Our blessing on the parting year.
The years that were, the dim, the gray,
Receive this night, with choral hymn,
A sister shade as lost as they,
And soon to be as gray and dim.
Fill high! she brought us both of weal and woe,
And nearer lies the land to which we go.
On, on, in one unwearied round
Old Time pursues his way:
Groves bud and blossom, and the ground
Expects in peace her yellow prey!
The oak's broad leaf, the rose's bloom,
Together fall, together lie;
And undistinguished in the tomb,
Howe'er they lived, are all that die.
Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown,
To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.
How short the rapid months appear
Since round this board we met
To welcome in the infant year,
Whose star hath now for ever set!
Alas, as round this board I look,
I think on more than I behold.
For glossy curls in gladness shook
That night, the now are damp and cold.
For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,
Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in wine.
Thank Heaven, no seer unlamented am I,
Before the time to tell,
When moons as brief once more go by,
For whom this cup again shall swell.
The hoary mower strides apace,
Nor crops the alder's ripened ear;
And we may miss the merriest face
Among us, 'gainst another year.
Who'er survive, be kind as we have been,
And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.
Nay, droop not: being is not breath;
'Tis fate that friends must part,
But God will bless in life, in death,
The noble soul, the gentle heart.
So deeds be just and words be true,
We need not shrink from Nature's rule;
The tomb, so dark to mortal view,
Is heaven's own blessed vestibule;
And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,
Though nearer lies the land to which we go."

To the Virgin, by the same, is also a sweet
composition; but, if our memory does not fail
us, he has rendered that theme still higher
justice before, in his admirable Spanish Bal-
lads. We like the pathos and simplicity of
the Wedding Wake, by G. Darley, so well,
that, in spite of its melancholy, we must yield it
a place.

"Dead Beauty's eye is beamless all,
Its glance is dull as hail;
The snow that on her cheek might fall
Were nothing half so pale.
Her lip—O God! her sullen lip,
So brightly raised erewhile,
No sweet thought curls its hollowed tip,
Not even a marble smile!
See, maidens! see, to hide its charms,
Crown'd on her neck of pearl;
See how she lays her livid arms,
The chaste, the careful girl!

Why stand ye tearless by my side?
Where is sweet Pity gone!—
Pity o'erwept herself, and died
The day her life was done.
Like a dark stream, her raven hair
Wanders adown her brow;
Look how the weelless, reckless air
Moves its dead tresses now!
Where is her unwoon bridal trim!—
Hark! who is he that sighs?
Stand forth, slight boy!—let none but him
Close up her pallid eyes.
I smile to see him plight his truth
In her unlistening ear;
Stain not, O deeply-bending youth!
Her sweet cheek with a tear.
Pillow her in her bridal tire,
Her sandals at her feet;
No other dress doth she require,
Than a cold winding-sheet.
Coffin her up, and on the pall
Lay one white virgin plume;
As lone, as still, as spotless all,
She shall lie in the tomb.
We'll carry her o'er the churchyard green,
Down by the willow trees;
We'll bury her by herself, between
Two sister cypresses.
Flowers of the sweetest, saddest hue
Shall deck her lowly bed;
Rosemary at her feet we'll strew,
And violets at her head.
The pale rose, the dim azure bell,
And that lamenting flower,
With All! All! its eternal knell,
Shall ever-bloom her bower—
Her cypress bower; whose shade beneath,
Passionless, she shall lie:
To rest so calm, so sweet in death,
'Twere no great ill to die!
Ye four fair maids, the fairest ye,
Be ye the flower strewers!
Ye four bright youths, the besters be,
Ye were her fondest wooers!
To church! to church! the ungallant youth,
Carry your willing bride!
So pale he looks, 'twere well, in tooth,
He should lie by her side!
The bed is laid, the toll is done,
The ready priest doth stand;
Come, let the flowers be strown! be strown!
Strike up, ye bridal band!
Forbear, forbear that cruel jest;
Be this the funeral song!
Farewell, the loveliest and the best
That ever died so young!"

And now to conclude, we take a stirring
theme from the pen of the worthy and uni-
versally esteemed Editor, whose preface pro-
mises to rally more friends about him next
year, and whose character makes every dis-
tinguished literary person his friend.

The Sea King's Death-Song.

"I'll launch my gallant bark no more,
Nor smile to see how gay
Its pennon dances, as we bound
Along the watery way:
The wave I walk on's mine—the god
I worship is the breeze;
My rudder is my magic rod
Of rule, on isles and seas:
Blow, blow, ye winds, for lordly France,
Or shores of wealthy Spain;
Blow where ye list, of earth I'm lord,
When monarch of the main.
When last upon the surge I rode,
A strong wind on me shot,
And tossed me as I toss my plume,
In battle fierce and hot;
Three days and nights no sun I saw,
Nor gentle star nor moon;
Three foot of foam dashed o'er my decks,
I sang to see it—soon
The wind fell mute, forth shone the sun,
Broad dimpling smiled the brine;
I leapt on Ireland's shore, and made
Half of her riches mine.
The wild hawk wets her yellow foot
In blood of serf and king;
Deep bites the brand, sharp smites the axe,
And helm and cuirass ring;
The foam flies from the charger's flanks,
Like wreaths of winter's snow;
Spears shiver, and the bright shafts start
In thousands from the bow—
Strike up, strike up, my minstrels all,
Use tongue and tuneful chord—
Be mute!—My music is the clang
Of cleaving axe and sword.
Cursed be the Norseman who puts trust
In mortar and in stone;

Who rears a wall, or builds a tower,
Or makes on earth his throne;
My monarch throve the willing wave,
That bears me to the beach;
My sepulchre's the deep sea surge,
Where lead shall never reach;
My death-song is the howling wind,
That bends my quivering mast,—
Blest England's maidens join the song,
I there made orphans last.

Mourn, all ye hawks of heaven, for me,
Oft, oft, by frith and flood,
I called ye forth to feast on kings;
Who now shall give ye food?
Mourn, top, thou deep-devouring sea,
For of earth's proudest lords
We served thee off a sumptuous feast
With our sharp shining swords;
Mourn, midnight, mourn, no more thou'lt hear
Armed thousands shout my name,
Nor see me rushing, red wet shod,
Through cities doomed to flame.

My race is run, my flight is down;
And, like the eagle free,
That soars into the cloud and dies,
I leave my life on sea.
To man I yield not; spear nor sword
Ne'er harmed me in their ire,
Vain on me Europe shower'd her shafts,
And Asia poured her fire.
Nor wound nor scar my body bears,
My lip made never moan,
And Odin bold, who gave me life,
Now comes and takes his own.

Light! light there! let me get one look,—
Yon is the golden sky,
With all its glorious lights, and there
My subject sea flows by;
Around me all my comrades stand,
Who oft have trod with me
On prince's necks, a joy that's flown,
And never more may be.
Now put my helmet on my head,
My bright sword in my hand,
That I may die as I have lived,
In arms and high command.

Did we say we would quote no prose? We must, in the most direct and short manner possible, break our word!

"*Lord Byron*.—We cannot resist the temptation of illustrating our plate and our poetry with the following characteristic letter from Lord Byron, dated *Genoa 1823*, and addressed to one of his best and wisest friends. It is an answer to a letter advising economy and retrenchment. Its peculiar humour cannot be mistaken; the poet's resolution to become parsimonious was but a pleasant theory, for in practice he spent a fair fortune. " " " This is merely a line of advice to your honour, to get me out of the tremulous funds of these oscillatory times. There will be a war somewhere, no doubt; and wherever it may be, the funds will be affected more or less; so pray get us out of them with all proper expedition. It has been the burthen of my song to you these three years and better, and about as useful as wiser counsels. With regard to Chancery, appeals, arbitrations, surveyings, bills, fees, receipts, disbursements, copyrights, manorial ditto, funds, land, &c. &c. &c., I shall always be disposed to follow your more practised and practicable experience. I will economise, and do, as I have partly proved to you by my surplus revenue of 1822, which almost equals the ditto of the United States of America, in proportion, (vide President's report to Congress); and do you second my parsimony by judicious disbursements of what is requisite, and a moderate liquidation. Also make an investment of any spare monies as may render some use to the owner; because, however little, 'every little makes a mickle,' as we of the north say, with more reason than rhyme. I hope that you have all receipts, &c. &c. &c., and acknowledgments of monies paid in liquidation of debts, to prevent extortion and hinder the fellows from coming twice, of which they would be capable, particularly as my absence would lend them a pretext. You will, perhaps, wonder at this recent and furious fit of accumulation and

retrenchment; but it is not so unnatural, I am not naturally ostentatious, although once careless, and expensive because careless; and my most extravagant passions have pretty well subsided, as it is time that they should on the very verge of thirty-five. I always looked to about thirty as the barrier of any real or fierce delight in the passions, and determined to work them out in the younger ore and better veins of the mine; and I flatter myself, that, perhaps, I have pretty well done so, and now the dross is coming, and I *loves lucre*; for we must love something; at least, if I have not quite worked out the others, it is not for want of labouring hard to do so. But, perhaps I deceive myself. At any rate, then, I have a passion the more; and, thus, a feeling. However, it is not for myself; but I should like, God willing, to leave something to my relatives more than a mere name; and besides that, to be able to do good to others to a greater extent. If nothing else will do, I must try bread and water, which, by the way, are very nourishing and sufficient, if good of their kind.

"NOEL BYRON."

Mémoires sur Josephine, &c. Colburn.

WE subjoin some further passages from this exceedingly lively and amusing volume. There is not much arrangement in the original; there is not any in our extracts.

"The Empress Josephine was present at St. Cloud, with the emperor, at the performance of the *Zingari in fiera* by Paësiello, who was in the box with their majesties. A superb air by Cimarosa had been introduced into it. Napoleon, passionately fond of Italian music, which he was very desirous of bringing into fashion, was in ecstasies at every piece, and paid Paësiello compliments, which were the more flattering, as the mouth from which they proceeded was seldom prodigal of such speeches. At length, when the air by Cimarosa was played, the emperor turned round, and taking Paësiello by the hand, exclaimed: 'By my faith, my friend, the man who has composed that air, may proclaim himself the greatest composer in Europe.' 'It is Cimarosa's,' feebly articulated Paësiello. 'I am sorry for it; but I cannot recall what I have said.' To atone in some degree for the chagrin of which he had been the cause, the emperor, who esteemed Paësiello's talents, and was personally attached to him, sent him next day a handsome present."

"When above fifty years of age, Madame Visconti preserved the remains of extreme beauty, and inspired the Prince of Wagram with so violent a passion, that he was anxious to divorce her from her husband, and to marry her himself. The emperor opposed this project, and in order to deprive him for ever of the hope of seeing his wishes realised, negotiated for his favourite a marriage with the Princess of Bavaria. A few weeks after the celebration of these nuptials, M. Visconti died. 'What a pity it was so late!' exclaimed, in despair, his disconsolate widow."

"M. de G. so well known by his want of wit, his pretensions, his success with certain females, and his large fortune, was also remarkable for a determined squint. At a time when every body was in suspense in consequence of the vacillating conduct of the French government, M. de G. approached M. de Talleyrand, and said to him, 'Well, prince, how do affairs go on?' 'As you see.'"

"The reputation for avarice of M. de Cobentzel, the second ambassador of that name at Paris, was so decidedly established, that the

Empress Josephine, then Madame Buonaparte, determined to laugh at him a little. One evening when she received company, she selected him as her partner at whist. He was unlucky, and they were beaten several rubbers in succession; his partner saying every time, 'I am grieved, count, to see you lose so much; but another day you will be more fortunate;' with many other phrases which pierced him to the heart, as he was persuaded that the wife of the first consul must play enormously high. Madame Buonaparte committed error after error, which tripled the misfortune of the unhappy man; and the perspiration rolled down his face in large drops. At length this eternal party ended; and the trembling ambassador, in a low tone of voice, asked how much he had to pay. 'Nothing, count,' answered Madame Buonaparte; 'and that explains to you the philosophy with which I have supported our reverses.' At these words the count's visage brightened; and he seemed quite happy at being quit of his fear. Yet this man had an income of two hundred thousand livres!"

"The attachment of M. de Talleyrand to Madame Grandt, who, though as handsome as an angel, was utterly incapable of entertaining the least notion of the superiority of the man whom she had, however, contrived to charm, astonished every body. Some one asked M. de Talleyrand how he could talk to so empty a person. 'It rests me,' was the answer."

"There are many people in the world who have a reputation, which they do not deserve. Among these is the Duc de Laval, who has the character of being a perfect fool. It is reported of him that on one occasion he talked of having received an anonymous letter, signed by all the officers of his regiment; that on another, he ordered ottomans to be placed in the four corners of his octagon saloon, &c. &c. Madame de Montesson, however, who was very capable of judging of the talents of her acquaintance, denied that M. de Laval was so weak; and related several good things which he had said. He was in the habit of visiting her every day; but on one occasion he told her that he should not be there the next morning. She was very much surprised, therefore, the next morning, to see him enter as usual. 'You told me that you would not come to day.' 'Mon Dieu! I was in fact overwhelmed with business, and I did not expect to see you; but what could I do? My horses bring me here as instinctively as those of a devotee take her to church.'

When he arrived in England, on his emigration from France, he called on several of the nobility, by whom he had been well received before the revolution. Almost all of them returned this politeness; but among those who failed to do so was the Duke of D——, who did not even take the trouble of writing to a man whom he supposed poor. Some time afterwards, they met at Lord Cholmondeley's. The master of the house asked M. de Laval to join a party at whist, with the Duke of D——.

"Probably," observed his grace, 'M. de Laval will not be inclined to do so when he is told that we play very high.' 'I beg your pardon,' replied M. de Laval, 'I play from one guinea to one hundred a point; and it is on that account that I am surprised you have not returned my visit.'"

"When Napoleon was a lieutenant of artillery, he was under great obligations to a Madame de Chat—. Having nothing to live on but his pay, he was subject to great privations, and was frequently destitute of the commonest necessities. Madame de Chat—, who was tenderly attached to him, invented a thousand

ways of supplying him with what he needed. She offered him an apartment in her house, and persuaded him, that by accepting it, he would render her a service, as the furniture was spoiling for want of being aired. She told him that she could not bear to eat alone; and that if her society did not annoy him too much, she would be delighted to benefit by his neighbourhood, in having some one to partake her meals. In a word, she rendered him many important services. Some time after Buonaparte's elevation she was totally ruined. She wrote to him several times, requesting some means of repairing her circumstances, but received no answer. Learning that there was to be a ball to celebrate the marriage of the emperor's adopted daughter, and imagining that he might on such a day be in a better humour than usual, she strained every nerve to obtain admission, hoping to have an opportunity of presenting a petition and speaking to the emperor; for it occurred to her that some secret enemy had prevented her letters from reaching him, as she could not conceive it possible that so many benefits were forgotten. Having placed herself in the gallery of Diana, as his majesty was passing, with a trembling hand she presented to him the paper on which her future fate depended. The emperor looked steadfastly at her, his countenance darkened, and with a stern voice he exclaimed, 'By what chance are you in my house?' The unhappy woman heard no more; she fainted, and was carried out. It is said, that the next day she received the brevet of a pension of 1200 francs. But even if so, ought she to have been made to purchase so dearly that which was in reality only the payment of a debt of gratitude?"

"On the restoration of the Bourbons, with the exception of the dresses, nothing was changed at the Tuileries. There were the same persons in the same places. This gave rise to a *bon-mot* on the part of the Prince de Léon, who had not held any office under the emperor. Meeting in the king's saloon Prince Berthier, the latter began talking to him about their mutual devotion to the royal family. 'There is, however, a great difference between us,' observed M. de Léon; 'you are attached, as cats are, to the house, and I, as dogs are, to the person of the master.'"

"On the formation of her household, the Empress Josephine requested of Napoleon that Madame de Nansouty (the wife of General de Nansouty) might be appointed one of the ladies of the bed-chamber. 'Her husband is too poor,' was the emperor's answer. 'Sire, you have pronounced his eulogy. There was nothing to prevent his enriching himself in Hanover; but he did not do so.' 'So much the worse for him; I sent him thither for that purpose. I will have about me only such persons as may render my court splendid by their style and expense.'"

"Louis the Eighteenth used to say, that punctuality is the politeness of kings. A *pendant* to this remark was the just and well-expressed observation of Madame de Souza, that cleanliness is the elegance of the poor."

"M. Portales, who was born at Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, of parents who were in very indigent circumstances, became, by his industry and good conduct, one of the greatest merchants on the continent. Before the revolution, it was his usage to attend regularly the large commercial sales at Amsterdam. When any event accidentally retarded his arrival, it was customary to wait a day or two for him. On one occasion, however, it happened that the entire produce of the herring-fishery (a

thing of great importance in Holland, as the herrings are sent from that country to all parts of the world) was disposed of in his absence. He came just as the bargain had been concluded; and received the apologies of the purchasers for his having been left out of the transaction. 'Oh! it is of no consequence, gentlemen; another time you will not do so, I am sure.' Without losing a moment, he and some of his clerks went to all the coopers, and bought every barrel that could be obtained. The herrings beginning to arrive, the persons who had purchased the fishery began to look for barrels to pack them in, but were every where told that M. Portales had secured and paid for them all. Boat after boat entering the harbour, and not knowing what to do with the immense quantity of herrings that were discharged upon the quays, they were at length compelled to apply to the monopoliser of barrels. M. Portales made cent per cent of his bargain, the particulars of which he used afterwards to relate with great glee, and he was never again forgotten in any similar affair."

The following account of the manner in which the Empress Josephine received the news of her rival's having given Napoleon a son, shews that she was possessed of great magnanimity; or, if the good-natured world will not allow her credit for that, at least of great self-command.

"All the household (of Josephine at Navarre) were invited to dine with the Mayor of Evreux, and went accordingly; leaving, as usual, Madame d'Asberg with her majesty, whom she never quitted. In the midst of a magnificent feast, we saw an agent of the prefecture enter, with a letter for the mayor. This man's visage sparkled, and he exclaimed at the door, 'the King of Rome is born!' It was on the 20th of March, 1811. I cannot describe the effect of these words on the guests, who, rising precipitately, crowded round the bearer of this great news, and questioned him all at once respecting the event, and the sensation which it had produced in Paris. While the mayor ran to give the orders which he had received, M. Portales directed the carriages to be immediately prepared, that we might return instantly to Navarre, whither the prefect had sent a courier. * * * * Little knowing Josephine's greatness of soul, her entire abrogation of self, her absolute devotion to the happiness of the emperor, I fancied that a little of the woman must still remain in her, and that she would bitterly regret not being the mother of this infant, so warmly welcomed by a whole nation. I judged like a frivolous and superficial person, accustomed only to the important concerns of a ball-room. On arriving at the palace, I learnt the true character of her who had so long been the cherished companion of her sovereign, frequently his adviser, and always his friend. In stepping from the carriage, my notions underwent a complete change. I saw such satisfaction on every countenance, that it was easy for me to guess what were the empress's sentiments. Would any one have dared to smile if she were sad? Scarcely had we entered the saloon, before her majesty inquired if any details of the event had arrived. 'I regret,' she exclaimed every moment, 'being so far from Paris. At Malmaison I should have had news so quickly. I am rejoiced to see that the painful sacrifice which I made for France has been beneficial, and that her futurity is secure. How happy must the emperor be! The only thing that grieves me is, that

I have not learnt his happiness from himself; but then he has so many orders to give—so many congratulations to receive! Ladies, here, as elsewhere, there must be a fête, to celebrate the accomplishment of so many wishes. I will give you a ball. As the apartments are not large, I will have the guard-room floored; for the whole town of Evreux will be anxious to come and rejoice with us; and, under such circumstances, I cannot assemble too many persons. Make your preparations, M. Pierlot; send for one of my full dresses; for on this occasion I will not receive my company in dishabille. As for you, gentlemen, I require you to wear your state costume.' I have added nothing to what Josephine said. The only difference is, that these phrases were not pronounced consecutively. The agreeable countenance of her majesty was frank and open while she spoke. It was impossible to doubt that the joy which she expressed was real. Never, in my opinion, did she more distinctly shew how deserving she was of the high condition to which she had attained. The next day the viceroy (Eugène Beauharnois) arrived; and gave us all the particulars we could desire. * * * The viceroy assured Josephine that the emperor said to him, when he took leave, 'you are going to see your mother, Eugene; tell her that I am sure she will rejoice more than any one, at my happiness. I would have written to her ere this, had I not been absorbed by the pleasure of looking at my son. I tear myself from him only for the performance of indispensable duties. This evening I will discharge the most pleasing of all; I will write to Josephine.' In fact, at eleven o'clock, just as we were about to take tea, we heard a great bustle in the ante-chambers; and presently the folding-doors of the gallery in which was her majesty, were suddenly thrown open by the usher, who exclaimed, 'from the emperor!' A young page, of a pleasing countenance, but who seemed harassed with fatigue, appeared. I believe it was M. de Saint Hilaire. The empress recognised him, although it was two years since she had seen him. To give him time to recover himself, she put several questions to him with that gracious air which pervaded every thing she did. This young man, the bearer of a letter in the hand-writing of the emperor, was so afraid of losing it, that he had thrust it into the bottom of his side-pocket; and it was with some difficulty that he found it. The empress, perceiving his embarrassment, continued to converse with him on matters personal to himself; and to testify to him the interest which she had taken in the fate of his uncle, who was killed in Spain. At last the letter was presented: her majesty retired with the viceroy to read it, and to reply to it; having given orders to prepare supper for M. de Saint Hilaire, whom she wished to retain until the next day, that he might rest himself; but he replied that he must set off as soon as he had received her majesty's answer. * * * In half an hour the empress returned to the saloon: her eyes were red, and the viceroy seemed to have been much agitated. We did not dare inquire the contents of the letter. Josephine guessing our curiosity, was so good as to satisfy it; and told us that she was going to read us that which had affected her so deeply. She first shewed us the page on which about eight or ten lines were written. In one place there were a great many blots. I do not exactly recollect the commencement; but the last sentence of the letter was, word for word, as follows: 'This infant, jointly with our Eugene,

will constitute my happiness, and that of France.' 'Is it possible,' remarked the empress, 'to be more amiable, than thus to endeavour to soften what at this moment would have been painful to me, if I did not so sincerely love the emperor? This bringing together (*rapprochement*) of my son and his, is worthy of the man who, when he wishes to be so, is more insinuating than any other.'

When M. de Saint Hilaire came to receive her majesty's orders: 'That is for the emperor, and that for you,' said she to him, giving him her answer and a little red-morocco case, containing a diamond pin worth five thousand francs."

We understand that these interesting Memoirs, a translation of which will appear in a few days, were written by Madame Ducrest, the niece of Madame de Genlis.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Jew Exile; a Pedestrian Tour and Residence in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, under Persecution. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Wilson.

THE *Jew Exile*, and under persecution, leads us to expect a tale of religious opinions, opposed and supported by that enthusiastic faith, in which human prejudices form too large a part. No such thing; it is a question of debts, not creeds,—the persecutors are bailiffs; and the *Jew Exile* is only an extravagant bankrupt, running away from his creditors. Story there is none; and the letters are rhapsodies, containing subjects mingled in strange confusion; most inflated descriptions of scenery; mouthings of misanthropy; occasional incidents, sketched with the coarsest of all possible pens;—in short, the whole is one of those productions whose aim and origin it puzzles even a critic to discover: the motto of the title-page is its own and true character.—

"All my faults perchance thou knowest—
All my madness none can know."

Tales of the Affections. By Mrs. Caddick. London. 1 vol. 12mo. Longman and Co.

A PRETTY little volume, written with considerable taste and feeling. The Soldier's Sister is a tale which will interest many a youthful reader, and is certainly the best in the book. As for the Broken Vow, the hint is too evidently taken from the Surgeon's Daughter in the Chronicles of the Canonicate; and we think there is a want of originality in some of the rest.

Past Feelings renovated; or, Ideas occasioned by the perusal of Dr. Hibbert's "Philosophy of Apparitions," written with the view of counteracting any Sentiments approaching to Materialism, which that Work, however unintentional on the part of the Author, may have a tendency to produce. 12mo. pp. 323. London, 1828. G. B. Whittaker.

It is curious to observe the strong hold of prejudice when in league with the imagination; the love of the marvellous is such an inherent passion, that in proportion as science makes dark places clear, and philosophy brings hidden truths to light, the mind clings the more obstinately to the few remaining penumbras of superstitious wonder left in the present age of discovery. Alchemists, witches, rosicrucians, have gradually faded from the mystic circle of belief; and we fear, in spite of the efforts made by the author of the present volume, ghosts must share the same fate. We are no longer what Allan Cunningham so well calls "a fine believing world;" we analyse, examine, and philosophise on every thing: we doubt whether, in a little

time, even a lover's vow will be taken on trust. A graver fault we have to find with this writer, is the religious turn he has given the subject; for Christianity has a better foundation than popular superstitions. Yet our author is a well-meaning, but injudicious advocate—supernatural revelations are not in the spirit of a religion as much based on reason as on faith, and whose empire, having stood the test of ages, needs now no miracles to enforce it on the mind.

The Sailor, or the Coquet Cottage; and other Poems. By W. Gibson. 12mo. pp. 104. Cowie and Strange.

AN unpretending provincial effort, which, though it can hope for little notice in the metropolis, may find friends amid its local scenery, Northumberland.

Sacred Songs. By W. Petter. 18mo. pp. 132. Longman and Co.

PARAPHRASES and imitations of Psalms and portions of Scripture, of a pleasing order, and deserving of a kindly reception from the religious public.

Richard Cœur de Lion. Pp. 35. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

"POWER" and "GORE" are not rhymes; and altogether this poem has nothing to have recommended it for publication.

A Manual of Mineralogy, in which is shewn how much Cornwall contributes to the Illustration of the Science. Post 8vo. pp. 245. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

A VERY copious, though a very concise, Manual, and one calculated not only to illustrate the mineral productions of Cornwall, but generally to interest and inform all the students of this important branch of science.

Permanent and Field Fortification; with Attack and Defence: for the Use of Schools and Self-Instruction. By C. Irving, LL.D. 4to. pp. 30. Longman and Co.

WE asked our friend the Captain, and he said this was a very good work: for our parts, we know nothing about fortifications, never having been behind the curtain.

A few Observations on the Present State of the Poor and Poor-Laws; and a Remedy for the Evils respecting them. By John Pole, Esq. Commander in the Royal Navy.

CAPTAIN POLE remonstrates with great justice against the scandalous practice which has for several years prevailed in some of the counties of England, of reducing the wages of agricultural labourers to a mere pittance, insufficient for their support, and then making up the deficiency to them out of the poor-rates; thus insolently affecting to bestow, in the degrading shape of charity, that to which our honest and hard-working countrymen are fully entitled as a matter of right! The remedy which the gallant captain recommends, is (not a new one) to let to every labouring man, at a moderate rent, half an acre or an acre of ground, for cultivation at his leisure hours; and thus to enable him to gain a subsistence for himself and his family, without undergoing the humiliation attendant on receiving assistance from the parish.

Devotions for Schoolboys; together with some Rules of Conduct given by a Father to his Son on going to School. Rivingtons.

A VERY, very small, but a very good book to be put into the hands of every schoolboy. It is at once pious and rational.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Oct. 18.

THE moment approaches which is to decide the fate of theatrical literature. Shakespeare's tragedies are at *l'étude*; and the public look anxiously for the promised regeneration in the dramatic art. Much must depend on the prudence of innovators on old systems to make good their cause, otherwise the ancient *us* (which M. de la Vigne affects as though his happiness both here and hereafter depended on that monosyllable) will resume its power, and composition will be clad in all its former classic armour.

M. Mallarmé, who was detected of fraud in the Post-office, excites a very general interest in his favour. It is supposed by some that matters will be hushed up, as a public examination would bring to light what it is the interest of government to keep secret. Every effort is making to have him released.

Colonel Fabbier's arrival here has happily given a turn to conversation. Anecdotes with regard to him multiply into volumes; and facts are related, which I am quite persuaded he never heard of: he will make the fortune of some anonymous biographer.

I am happy to announce that the beggar trade is reformed: those who have no means of existence are forced to accept the asylum which government offers, and resign their liberty. This law will prevent new hoards of country beggars from visiting the capital; and the assassin from concealing his murderous intentions under the garb of rags.

A new invention for heating rooms has met with much encouragement. A piece of quick-lime dipped into water, and shut hermetically into a box constructed for the purpose, is said to give almost a purgatory heat, and prevent the necessity of fire during the winter.

I hear that a steam coach is soon to make its appearance in this capital, and convey passengers to St. Cloud for half the price of the steam packet, which has the bad effect of destroying all the fish, and forcing fasters to break ordinances.

Many fatal events have lately occurred in the gambling world; owing to the easy access which all ranks have to the *maisons de jeu*: drowning or shooting generally finishes the career of the gamester; and desolate fathers and widowed wives are left to weep the loss of their sons and husbands, as well as the ruin of their fortunes. Lotteries, too, are another source of misery; and it is curious to see those *bureaux de fortune*, at dawn of day, crowded by men and women, all of whom have dreamt dreams portending the numbers which are to turn up; and these poor wretches often put their last *securable* in pledge to purchase the chance of a prize. We have also patented professors in mystic sciences, who hold forth to the public *en plein air*, and, for the sum of two *sous*, reveal the future to the wondering crowd, who would sell their birthright to buy a ticket in the lottery of the numbers he indicates.

M. Carle Vernet, member of the Institute, is deputed by the French government to execute several works destined to ornament the public edifices in this city. In a few years we shall be completely *à la Romaine*, at least as far as regards the *beaux arts*, and *à l'Anglais* as to *la civilisation industrielle*.

If French romances are admired in London, *Le Soir*, by M. Etienne, is the reigning favourite with fair Parisians.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF DAVID HUME.

[We are favoured with the MS. of this letter, which has not appeared in any publication, to our knowledge; though, being written to another celebrated individual, and on the first flush of David's flattering reception at the court of France, it seems to us to be one of the most naive and interesting of his epistolary correspondence.]

Fontainebleau, 9 Nov. 1763.

DEAR FERGUSON,—I have now passed four days at Paris, and about a fortnight in the court at Fontainebleau, amidst a people who, from the royal family downwards, seem to have it much at heart to persuade me, by every expression of esteem, that they consider me as one of the greatest geniuses in the world. I am convinced that Louis XIV. never, in any three weeks of his life, suffered so much flattery,—I say, suffered; for it really confounds and embarrasses me, and makes me look sheepish. Lord Hertford has told them that they will chase me out of France, *à coup des complimens et des louanges*. Our friend General Clerk came to this place after I had passed a week in it; and the first thing he said to me was, that he was sure I had never passed so many days with so little satisfaction. I asked him how he had happened to guess so well; he said, because he knew me, and knew the French. I really wish often for the plain roughness of the *poker*, and particularly the sharpness of Dr. Jardine, to correct and qualify so much lusciousness. However, I meet sometimes with incidents that please me, because they contain no mixture of French complaisance or exaggeration. Yesterday I dined at the Duc de Pralin's, the secretary of state. After we had risen from dinner, I went into a corner to converse with somebody; when I saw enter the room a tall gentleman, a little elderly, with a riband and star, who immediately called out to the Duchesse de Pralin, *Ha! Madame la Duchesse, que je suis content! j'ai vu Monsieur Hume à la cour aujourd'hui*. Upon inquiry, I was told he was a man of quality, esteemed one of the cleverest and most sensible about the court.

In two or three days we return to Paris, where I hope to live more at my ease, and shall pass my time with really great men—for there are such at present among the literati of France. Certainly there is something perverse either in the structure of our mind or in the incidents of life. My present situation ought naturally to appear an object of envy. For besides those circumstances of an universal good reception from all ranks of people, nothing can be more amiable than the character of the family with whom I live, and nothing can be more friendly than their behaviour to me. My fortune has already received a considerable increase by a pension procured me by Lord Hertford, and settled, as they tell me, for life. Mr. Bunbury has been told that he must not go to Paris, which my lord considers as a sure prelude to my being soon secretary to the embassy—an office which will expose me to little expense, and bring me a thousand a year increase of revenue, and puts me in the road to all the great foreign employments. Yet I am sensible that I set out too late, and that I am misplaced; and I wish twice or thrice a-day for my easy chair, and my retreat in James's Court. Never think, dear Ferguson, that as long as you are master of your own fire-side and your own time, you can be unhappy, or that any other circumstance can make an addition to your enjoyment.

When I think of my own house, you may believe I often reflect on Josey, who, I am afraid, will be more a loser by my absence

than ever I shall be a gainer by it; I mean in point of his education. I beg of you to have some inspection over him; and as often as my sister shall send to you to ask your advice, that you will be sure to give it. I am afraid that there occurs a difficulty at present about entering him to the Greek. He is too far advanced by his learning for the class in the High School, to which he is put; and yet he is too young to go to the college. For this reason I thought that he might learn something of the Greek before he finished his Latin course, as is the practice in England; and accordingly Murray, in Musselburgh, gave him some lessons in that language. I propose that he should continue on the same footing in Edinburgh; but I am at a loss how it may be done. A master to himself alone would not give him any emulation; and were he put to any other school for this purpose, the hours would interfere with those of the High School. Be so good as to speak to Mathison, and then give your opinion to my sister.

Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Adams. I saw Willy a moment at Fontainebleau; he had arrived a quarter of an hour after Jemmy left it, whom I did not see. These two brothers have been hunting one another in vain through all France; but I hope they have met at last in Paris.

When you favour me with a letter, put it under cover to the Earl of Hertford, and direct it to him at Northumberland House in the Strand: letters so directed come to us with the greatest safety. Make my compliments to Baron Moore and Mrs. Moore, and to all that family. I shall write to the baron soon. Tell Dr. Blair that I have conversed here twice or thrice with the Duchesse D'Aiguillon, who has been amusing herself with translating passages of *Osian*; and I have assured her that the authenticity of those poems is to be proved soon beyond all contradiction. Andrew Stewart is here at present: I met with nobody here that doubts of the justice of his cause. I hope your fine judges will at last be ashamed of their scandalous partiality. I should be glad to hear of all friends. I am, dear Ferguson, with great sincerity, and without flattery, your affectionate friend and servant,

DAVID HUME.

P.S. I beg you to keep the follies of the above letter to yourself. I had a letter from Lord Marischal to-day, who tells me, that he is to pass the winter at Edinburgh. Wait often on him,—you will like him extremely: carry all our friends to him, and endeavour to make him pass his time as agreeably as possible.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

EGYPT.

First Letters from M. de Champollion, Jun.

Alexandria, Aug. 18th and 29th.

HAVING described the voyage and arrival at Alexandria, Mr. C. says:

"After a ride of half an hour, with many turnings and windings, we reached the residence of M. Drovetti, consul-general of France, whose kind reception completed our satisfaction. He enhanced his kindness by offering me a lodging in the palace of France. I have found in it a small and very agreeable apartment, formerly occupied by Kleber; and it was not without lively emotion that I lay down in the alcove in which the victor of Heliopolis slept."

A good deal of rather Gallic slip-slop fol-

lows, for a scientific letter, and the writer continues:

"I have visited all the monuments in the environs. Pompey's Pillar has nothing remarkable in it. It rests on a solid base, composed of ancient fragments; and I have discovered among them the cartouche of Psammeticus II. I have not neglected the Greek inscription which belongs to the pillar, and respecting which there are still some doubts. A good impression on paper will put an end to them. I have visited more frequently the obelisks of Cleopatra, always mounted on our asses, which the young Arabs call a *bon cabal* (a Provencal denomination). Of these two obelisks, that which is standing has been given to the king by the Pasha of Egypt, and I hope that proper means will be adopted to convey this obelisk to Paris; that which lies on the ground belongs to the English. I have already copied and had drawings made, under my own eye, of their hieroglyphic inscriptions. For the first time, therefore, I can say there will be an accurate design of them. These two obelisks, with three columns of characters on each face, were first erected by King Meris, before the great Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. The lateral inscriptions are of Sesostris; and I have discovered two other very short ones on the east face, which are of the successor of Sesostris. Thus three epochs are marked on these monuments. The antique dado of rose granite on which each of them was placed, still exists; but setting my Arabs to dig, under the direction of our architect, M. Hilbert, I have discovered that this dado rests on a base with three steps, which is of Greek or Roman workmanship."

The audience of the viceroy, on the 24th of August, at eight o'clock in the morning, is described; but has nothing new to interest readers, except that he gave the firmans necessary for the prosecution of the expedition, and ordered two *Tchakous* of the viceroy to attend the party every where.

M. C.'s letter concludes thus:

"I intend to remain at Alexandria till the 12th of September, to make our preparations. The heat of Cairo, and a rather mild disorder, which prevails there, will have abated by that time. We are here in a country which is Europe in miniature;—well received and regaled by all the consuls of the West, who express the most lively interest in our enterprise. We have been all together assembled successively at the residences of Messrs. Acerbi, Rosetti, Anastazy, and Fedemonte, the consuls of Austria, Tuscany, Sweden, and Sardinia; I also met M. Mechin, the French consul at Larnaka, in Cyprus, who is one of those that accompanied the French expedition to Egypt."

"I am full of confidence in the result of our expedition; may it answer the wishes of the government and those of our friends! I will not spare myself in any respect to make it succeed. I shall write from all the Egyptian cities, though the post-offices of the Pharaohs no longer exist in them. I shall reserve the details of the wonders of Thebes for our venerable friend M. Dacier. Adieu!

"CHAMPOLLION, Jun."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Gem.—In his advertisements, the editor of the *Gem* has dwelt so slightly upon the embellishments of his volume, that we are very agreeably surprised to find many of them quite admirable. "The Widow," engraved by

S. Davenport, from a picture by R. Leslie, R.A. is one of the sweetest and most affecting little prints that we have yet seen; and we are at a loss which to praise the more—the composition and expression of the painter, or the flow of line and exquisite harmony of the engraver. “May Talbot,” engraved by J. C. Edwards, from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A., is equally beautiful, although of an entirely opposite character. In the print which we have just before mentioned, all is repose and union; here, all is activity and opposition: it is a little Wouvermans, and the execution of the plate is worthy of the design. “The Temptation on the Mount,” engraved by W. R. Smith, from a picture by J. Martin. We lately read a list of the travellers who had ascended to the summit of Mont Blanc, and certainly Mr. Martin’s name was not in it—a circumstance which renders it still more difficult to account for the facility with which he spreads before the eye immense masses, telescopic details, and unlimited space. “Harry and his Dog,” engraved by A. W. Warren, from a picture by W. F. Witherington—a charming representation of the happiness of rustic childhood. “The Fisherman’s Daughter,” engraved by J. Phelps, from a picture by R. T. Bone; highly interesting. Subjects of this nature are too frequently debased by excessive vulgarity: Mr. Bone is perhaps chargeable with the opposite, but much more venial, error. “The Young Helvetian,” engraved by W. Ensom, from a picture by J. R. West. Although in parts a little hard and cutting, there is an originality in the treatment of this subject which makes it very attractive. “The Death of Keeldar.” It is not necessary to be a sportsman to be perfectly sensible of the pathos of this interesting composition. There are eight other plates in the volume, most of them exceedingly pleasing, engraved by Engleheart, Goodyear, Mitchell, W. Cooke, Edwards, Davenport, Smith, and Ensom, from pictures by A. Cooper, R.A., A. E. Chalon, R.A., H. Howard, R.A., F. P. Stephanoff, J. R. West, W. F. Witherington, and H. Corbould.

The Keepsake for 1829.—What a theme for reflection does human talent afford! How various,—and, still more, how illimitable!—There have been several of the plates in the different forthcoming Annuals which have already passed under our review, that appeared to us, at the time we were looking at them, to be incapable of being excelled; and yet—perhaps some allowance is due to the superior strength of the immediate impression made upon the eye to that which is only left on the memory, but—we do really think that two or three of the jewels now lying before us transcend any thing of the kind that we have before met with. In the very first rank of these is “The Tapestry Chamber,” engraved by J. Goodyear, from a drawing by F. P. Stephanoff. We are quite at a loss to find words for our admiration of this superlative production. Whether considered with reference to the composition, the expression, or the effect, it is, in every one and in all of those points of view, a most extraordinary work. It renders us exceedingly eager to read the tale that has called forth such powers, and, more especially, that has suggested the haggard, ghastly, and appalling midnight visitant, who, once seen, will not easily be forgotten. The merits of Mr. Goodyear in the manner in which he has transferred Mr. Stephanoff’s conceptions to steel, are beyond all praise. Striking as the print is on the first glance, it must be long and

attentively contemplated and examined before its numerous beauties can be justly appreciated. “Love,” engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. Who could believe that the same mind which was capable of producing the dreadful apparition to which we have just adverted, was also capable of producing the bewitching model of feminine delicacy, grace, and beauty, which we are now noticing? Well indeed may such an angelic being excite the sudden, ardent, and overpowering passion of which the print is an illustration. In this, as in the last-mentioned plate, Mr. Stephanoff has been nobly seconded by his engraver. Skilful as Mr. Heath has long been, we do not believe that he ever before finished any work so deliciously. “Mrs. Peel,” engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. They who recollect Sir Thomas’s splendid picture in the Exhibition before the last, will be delighted with this miniature copy of it. The beauty of the countenance, the breadth of the general effect, and the sparkling brilliancy of many of the details, have been imitated with surprising fidelity, sweetness, and spirit. “Lake Albano,” engraved by R. Wallis, from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. A fascinating little landscape. Notwithstanding the experience to which we adverted in the commencement of this notice, we doubt the possibility of surpassing the exquisite transparency and flatness of the distant water, contrasted as its tender tones are by the firmness and vigour of the figures and accessories in the foreground. “The Gleaner,” engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by J. Holmes. Crabbed, cold-blooded, and insensible as critics are, or are supposed to be, we think we could hardly pass the stile against which this delightful little creature is reclining, (with an evident intention to extend to *eyes* and *hearts* the designs which she has been so successfully practising on *ears*), without, at least, a smile of approbation. But we must protest against Mr. Holmes’s perspective; for it is so managed, that the distance from the feet of the charmer to the *point d’appui* of her elbow seems to be about three yards. The print is sweetly engraved. “Lago Maggiore,” engraved by W. R. Smith, from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Rich and magnificent scenery. The distant mountains are full of grandeur. We have frequently lamented that Mr. Turner has such a *penchant* for making his clouds rocky. Mr. Smith has no doubt softened this effect (“to soften rocks!”); but, of course, he could not entirely obviate it. “The Garden of Boccaccio,” engraved by F. Engleheart, from a drawing by T. Stothard, R.A. The grace and taste of Mr. Stothard’s pencil, in subjects of this description, are too well known to require our eulogium. We are not aware, however, to what it is attributable,—probably to the too great strength of the middle distance,—but the figures have somewhat of a Lilliputian appearance. “Clorinda, or the Necklace of Pearl,” engraved by C. Heath, from a picture of F. P. Stephanoff. A fine and forcible print. We know that a slight diminution of the just proportion of the head to the figure imparts elegance; but is not that principle carried a little too far in the present instance? “Adelinda,” engraved by C. Heath, from a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A. If any thing could reconcile us, either on the boards, on canvass, on paper, or any where else, to the assumption of male attire by lovely woman, it would be the exquisite effeminacy, purity, and tenderness, with which Mr. Chalon has here invested his

subject. “Georgiana, Duchess of Bedford,” engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by E. Landseer, R.A. An elegant and dignified portrait. The head is sweetly beautiful. It strikes us, however, that there is a slight inaccuracy in the drawing of the back of the neck, and in the manner in which the arm springs from the shoulder. “Jealousy,” engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. Very fine, although (quite properly) not exactly so fascinating as “Love.” “Lucy in search of her Children,” engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by R. Westall. Decidedly in Mr. Westall’s usual manner; but full of power and interest. But we are much surpassing our accustomed limits; and must therefore close our detailed remarks, and content ourselves with saying, generally, that the remaining plates, viz. “The Magic Mirror,” engraved by E. Portbury, from a drawing by J. M. Wright;—“Anne Page and Slender,” engraved by C. Rolls, from a drawing by H. Richter;—“Scene at Abbotsford,” engraved by C. Westwood, from a picture by E. Landseer, A.R.A.;—“Fancy descending among the Muses,” engraved by E. Portbury, from a design by H. Howard, R.A.;—“Lucy and her Bird,” engraved by W. Finden, from a drawing by J. M. Wright;—and “The Laird’s Jock,” engraved by C. Heath, from a drawing by H. Corbould,—although some of them are possessed of a greater, others of a less degree of merit,—are all justly entitled to commendation. The work, taken as a whole, does the highest honour to English art.

Alfred in the Neatherd’s Cottage. Engraved by James Mitchell, from a picture by D. Wilkie, R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

It is pleasing to see the Muse of history occasionally relax from the general severity of her deportment, exchange the buskin for the sock, cease to be heroic and classical, and condescend to be familiar and entertaining. She must have been in one of these gayer moods when she inspired our great painter of domestic life with the determination to take a *monarch* for his subject, and to represent him, in the picture from which this fine print has been engraved, under circumstances, the contemplation of which mingles mirth at his embarrassment, with respect for his dignity, and reverence for his virtue. The moment chosen is that at which Alfred, having been intrusted by the wife of the neatherd, in whose cottage he had sought shelter in disguise, with the care of some cakes which are baking at the fire, happens, in a fit of abstraction, to let them burn; and is sharply rated by the good woman for his negligence. The scolding expression of the housewife is admirably contrasted by the somewhat disconcerted, somewhat comical, but still royal countenance of the prince, who listens to the unaccustomed tone of rebuke in a manner which strongly reminds us of Kemble in Charles the Second, when the blunt sailor suddenly asks him where he got his watch. Behind is the neatherd himself. He has just returned from his out-of-door occupations, is steadily gazing at Alfred, and evidently entertains a suspicion that “he is not what he seems.” A child kneeling at the hearth, probably apprehensive of losing a meal, is, with puffed cheeks, eagerly endeavouring to repair the consequences of the king’s heedlessness. In the back-ground is a girl kneading; with whom is conversing a figure, which, besides its other pictorial qualities, is rendered highly interesting by its being a striking resemblance, *en profile*, of the painter himself. The furniture of the cottage, and the

various accessories, are introduced and composed with Mr. Wilkie's usual skill. The execution of the plate, which is a line engraving, does Mr. Mitchell the highest credit.

The Spanish Flower-Girl. Engraved by R. Graves, from a painting by Murillo.

THIS is to be the frontispiece to the *Amulet* for 1829. Every body knows the exquisite beauty and character of the original picture, which is one of the most valuable ornaments of the Dulwich Gallery, rich as that gallery is in the works of Murillo. The name of Mr. Graves is new to us as an engraver for any of the *Annals*, and we rather think that this is his first contribution to them. Under these circumstances, and without entering into any invidious comparisons, we can justly say, that his plate is highly creditable to him; and that we have no doubt he will give us future opportunities of more unreserved eulogium.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

MR. FARREN made his appearance at this theatre last Thursday week, and played *Sir Peter Teazle* in his usual style of excellence. Mr. Liston was the *Crabtree*, and Mr. Harley the *Sir B. Backbite*—both, we believe, for the first time. They could not be otherwise than amusing; but they were certainly out of their element. Mr. Jones, who was evidently labouring under indisposition, played *Charles Surface*, and Mr. Cooper *Joseph*; but, next to Farren's *Sir Peter*, the *Mrs. Candour* of Mrs. Davison deserves the most honourable mention. A translation of *La Reine de Seize Ans*, was announced for representation yesterday; and we perceive by the bills that the popularity of *The Green-eyed Monster* has induced Mr. Price to put it into rehearsal at this theatre.

COVENT GARDEN.

A TRANSLATION of the comédie-vaudeville called *La Belle Mère*, by Scribe and Bayard, was produced on Wednesday evening, under the title of the *Step-Mother*. Mr. Bramwell, a merchant, who has suffered some severe pecuniary losses, is restored to opulence by the love and gratitude of a young lady, whose fortune he was originally the means of preserving to her, and who now bestows it with her hand upon her excellent, but somewhat aged, benefactor. The children of a former marriage (two boys and a girl) are exceedingly indignant at the prospect of being subjected to the tyranny of a step-mother; and, with the old housekeeper, who, of course, trembles for her situation and influence, heap every opprobrious epithet upon the head of the unknown and hated intruder. The lady arrives, and being mistaken for an expected companion for *Miss Clara Bramwell*, is let into a plot against herself, and eagerly pressed to become a party to it. She humours the deceit, and by her kindness of heart, liveliness of disposition, and beauty of person, gradually wins the affections of the unconscious conspirators.—Mr. Lacy is the transplanter of this trifle; but it requires more tact and taste than he appears to possess to catch and preserve one of these French butterflies in all their delicacy and brilliancy. He knocked it down with his hat, and, satisfied with having secured the insect for himself, pins it to his paper, without observing that his fingers have robbed it of that impalpable plumage, in which all the beauty of its "exquisite wing" consisted. He was much more fortunate in his drama of *The Two Friends*, which being a subject of "sterner stuff" bore

the handling better; and, indeed, was improved by being vigorously clutched. Its features were broader, its characters more English.—The manners and sentiments of the ladies and gentlemen in the *Step-Mother* are decidedly French, and their English dress and language neither fit nor become them. There is one exceedingly objectionable point in the piece. No woman, so sensible, so virtuous, and so highly minded, as Mr. Lacy would have us suppose Mrs. Bramwell to be, would bestow the daughter of her husband, off hand, upon a scamp of a colonel who, not five minutes before, has insulted her, the wife of his best friend, with an open avowal of his passion, and who, from his whole conduct, she must consider, at least, an egregious ass, if he be not an unprincipled coxcomb. Miss Jarman and Mr. Bartley, as *Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell*, and Mr. Wrench, as the Colonel, did as much as was possible with the materials allotted to them; but the gem of the piece was Miss Goward's personation of the second son, *Julius*, a sentimental schoolboy—his heart divided between plum-cake and the tender passion! This young lady is very nearly the best actress now on the stage. Several busy-bodies, by the by, have been indefatigable lately in their efforts to marry this good and clever little girl to as good and clever a little comedian. Perhaps they will permit us to suggest a match, in our turn. We wish Mr. Raymond would marry Miss Cawse: we are sure it would be a happy union. Both have excellent teeth and capital heads—of hair. They would do nothing but smile and look pretty the live-long day; and each thinking so exceedingly well of themselves as they evidently do, congeniality of mind and disposition would render them, it is to be trusted, equally satisfied with each other.

The *Step-Mother* was but coolly received; and we do not think it likely to have a long existence. It was followed by Dibdin's opera of the *Quaker*, revived for the purpose of introducing Mr. Wood as *Steady*, Mr. B. Taylor as *Lubin*, and Misses Hughes and Forde as *Gillian* and *Floretta*. Mr. Taylor, we repeat, is a good musician; but he has no voice: his manners and person are unsuited to the characters generally appropriated to a first male singer; and we are convinced he never will be a favourite in a large theatre. Mr. Wood, on the contrary, is nightly advancing in popularity. He gave the well-known air, "While the Lads of the Village," in the true style of old English singing; and long as the song is, it commanded a most hearty and unanimous encore. Let him only take care of himself—he has every thing to hope from the public. Miss Hughes sang her first song modestly and sweetly; but her cadences in the second act were not only vulgar, but terribly out of tune. She should abstain from flourishes, which are merely supportable when brilliantly executed, and positively offensive under any other circumstances. Miss Forde is a better actress than a singer, though she does not seem to think so.

ADELPHI.

On Tuesday, the *Mason of Buda*, a lively and interesting, a dramatic and amusing burletta, in two acts, was added to the stock of nightly entertainments at this full-blown small theatre. It is from the fertile pen of Mr. Planché, of whom we see it often and easily said (in disparagement, possibly not always meant, of extraordinary success upon the stage) that he is a clever adapter from the French, an ingenious writer, a person of great tact in theatrical

affairs, &c. &c.; upon which, as fair by-standers, looking on at the play, and seeing a good deal of the game, all that we shall now remark is, that we wish we could see superior genius addressed to dramatic literature. In our judgment, Mr. Planché uses dramatic literature as he finds it; and the man who has furnished half a hundred popular productions, is not, as we think, to be accused of wanting higher powers than he has displayed; the fact is, these higher powers are not wanted, or he would soon display them. Our historical aspirants come in a few years to portrait painting; and it is no imputation on any writer for the theatres, to see him falling into the lighter taste of the day and fancy subjects. To such belongs the *Mason of Buda*, a clever little piece, with the music by Mr. Rodwell, very sweetly composed, and the acting as good as need be to pass such portion as it occupies of a pleasant evening. Two lovers, *Count Emerich* (Sinclair), and *Imra*, a Turkish girl (Miss Graddon), get into a dreadful scrape with *Abdallah*, a despotic Turk (J. Smith), who dooms them to be chained to a rock, and *walled in*. *Peter Stein*, the mason (T. P. Cook), and *Aspen*, a locksmith (Wilkinson), are employed to execute this agreeable job, and through their means the captives are ultimately liberated, and the affair ends comfortably. *Peter Stein* and *Aspen* have also wives, who take part in the piece, and add to its whim and incident. Since the first night it has been eminently and deservedly growing in favour, and is always received with great applause.

Sinclair's delicious notes, every one, tell on the ear in this commodious house; and he is invariably encored in his beautiful song, "My Imra, come!" Indeed, all the rest of the music does Mr. Rodwell much credit; and the appropriate recurrence of the fine leading air, on which much of the *dénouement* turns, has the happiest effect. Cooke and Wilkinson are excellent in the mason and locksmith; and Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Daly, and Mrs. Gallot, in their respective wives and a watchful neighbour. Miss Graddon is the heroine.

VARIETIES.

French Improvement.—Another order has been sent by the French minister of war to the commanders of different corps of the army, to furnish him with a complete list of the soldiers who are uneducated, and an account of the number of military schools of mutual instruction, which have been established. This order has been forwarded with a view to provide instruction for the troops wherever it may be deemed expedient.

Potato Farina.—The farina obtained from potatoes is now an article of commerce in Scotland, where very fine samples of it are brought to market. It is stated to be quite equal to genuine arrow-root, and is sold at about half the price of that preparation. Mixed with wheaten flour in the proportion of one-third, it is a great improvement to household bread, and is light of digestion. Sir John Sinclair's mode of preparing the farina is perhaps generally known; but the following short account of the process for domestic use may not be uninteresting. Into a pail of clean water place a fine colander or coarse sieve, so that it may be two inches in the water; grate the potatoes when pared into the colander, taking care from time to time to agitate the pulp in the colander, so that the farina may fall to the bottom of the pail. When the fibrous part which remains in the colander or sieve, has accumulated so as to impede the washing of

the farina into the pail, remove it. About one gallon of potatoes is sufficient for a pail of water. After the water has remained in an undisturbed state for twelve hours, pour it off, the farina will be in a cake at the bottom. It is to be dried slowly before the fire, being rubbed occasionally between the hands to prevent its becoming lumpy; and it is then fit for use. The French prepare an extract from the apple in the same way; but this is expensive, as the farinaceous part of the apple is very small.

End of the World.—A popular panic, the origin of which it is difficult to discover, spread itself over Europe towards the conclusion of the tenth century. It was believed that the world would be destroyed at the termination of the year 1000. That epoch was awaited with an anxiety that may easily be conceived; but it passed without any extraordinary event. A profound feeling of piety then took possession of all hearts. Every one thought that he owed to Heaven a token of acknowledgment for having rescued him from so terrible a danger. The kings and the nobility, who had partaken of the general alarm, were the first to prove their gratitude, by building churches, which were consecrated to God, or rich monasteries destined for his servants. It was a contest of magnificence and generosity. In a short time Europe was covered with a great portion of those Gothic abbeys and churches which are still the ornaments of the most remarkable and picturesque scenes. A contemporary writer, Glaber Radulph, characterised this epoch by a singular and energetic image: "Erat enim," says he, "ut si mundus ipse exultando semet, rejecta vetustate, passim candidam ecclesiarum vestem indueret."

Servants.—A fund has lately been established at Stockholm, from which it is intended to reward faithful and good servants. The king has contributed to it a thousand crowns; the prince royal five hundred; the princess royal three hundred. This is an example worthy of imitation in England. We hear constant complaints of bad servants; but no means are adopted of encouraging them to be better. Servants are very like their masters and mistresses; that is, they are very apt to be influenced by motives of interest.

The Mole.—Does the mole see? Aristotle, and all the Greek philosophers, maintain that it does not; Galen, on the contrary, maintains that it does. The question has been re-agitated in modern days. Naturalists discovered the eye; but as it was unprovided with an optic nerve, its capacity of vision was still doubted. It has, however, since been ascertained that the mole actually sees, and that it is enabled to do so by the aid of a particularly nerve, of which it is exclusively possessed.

The Ear.—It appears by recent experiments made on the semi-circular ducts of the ear, that the division of them by the scissors produces no sensible effect on the hearing, but occasions a complete derangement of the bodily movements.

Provision for the Poor.—It is reported, and we hope with truth, that the experiment we so earnestly recommended in our last *Gazette*, of settling the poor in home colonies, where they may be rendered productive to the community and useful to themselves, is about to be tried on a considerable scale, near London. Success, in our opinion, cannot be doubted; and if the scheme should come to be sufficiently extended, it must effect one of the most important reforms in our internal national economy.

French Scientific Expeditions.—In the second expedition to the Moors, should it really set out, there will be another commission of learned and scientific men, who will be furnished with abundant pecuniary and other means for the prosecution of their researches. To the commission in Egypt there will be additions; and an expedition is spoken of for the interior of Africa. The King of France is said to feel a warm interest in these undertakings.

Turkey.—The Ottoman empire is as extensive at the present day in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa, as it was during the period of its splendour; but among the vast countries which it still considers under its dominion, some, as the Barbarian States of Egypt, are independent of its authority, or recognise it only in an illusory manner; others, as the Asiatic provinces, cannot, in their condition of ruin and devastation, afford it the assistance promised by their size, their fertility, and the riches, as well as the population, which they formerly possessed. The Ottoman empire, if considered as comprehending all these countries, is one of the largest on the face of the globe. It consists of

Turkey in Europe, with Greece .. 23,692 square leagues.
Turkey in Asia, with its Islands .. 56,750
African Territories .. 36,297

Total..... 116,739

This is a surface inferior in extent only to that of the empire of Russia, which comprehends 210,000 square leagues. But the Barbarian States have long been emancipated; Egypt obeys solely its own interests; a part of Greece is free, and the remainder threatens to be so; the example of the Cyclades will soon be followed by the Asiatic Isles; and Moldavia and Wallachia, already under the protection of Russia, are at this moment invaded by her armies. Thus reduced, the Ottoman empire will stand as follows:—

Turkey in Europe, without Greece, 16,128 square leagues.
Turkey in Asia, without the Isles, 57,279
..... 73,407

Without Moldavia and Wallachia
it will be 67,156

This surface is equal to once and a half that of the Austrian monarchy, double that of the Germanic Confederation, four times that of Prussia, and thrice and a half that of France. This immense territory will, however, lose much of its importance when we consider that Turkey in Asia is a distant colony, badly peopled, feebly united to its metropolis, and in the neighbourhood of powerful enemies. Separated from Turkey in Asia, and reduced to its European provinces, the Ottoman empire would have an extent of only about 16,128 square leagues. It would then be larger than Prussia, than Italy, or than the British Isles; and would, in size, hold the seventh rank among the European states. If Moldavia and Wallachia were also detached from it, its surface would be reduced to 11,626 square leagues, which is about that of Great Britain.

Anecdotes, &c.—The old Duke of Saxegotha was present at a *conversazione*, where the Sorrows of Werter, then newly published, formed a great topic of discourse. His highness heard a person, for whose opinion he had especial respect, say, "this is a book that must be read twice;" and next morning desired the court-bookseller to have two copies of it bound up together, and stamped with the ducal arms!

In the Vienna *Gazette* for 1801 we read the following article, "Boulogne.—The French

are so on the alert here, that they sleep on the cannons."

The announcement of a new piece at the theatre of Berlin had excited much curiosity. A student who had waited all day at the principal door, rushed in the moment it was opened. "Now, shame! shame!" cried he, on gaining a glimpse of the interior, "the house is half full already, and yet, by heavens, not a single person has come in!"

The ridiculous style in which the Germans advertise domestic occurrences is well known. Take the following specimen from a Leipzig paper of 1817. "Dr. and Mrs. Baumgouten make known to their sympathising friends, that yesterday evening, at seven o'clock, it pleased God to remove from them, by her teeth, their darling little Eliza, aged three years and twenty days."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Sir Richard Phillips has been for some months on a tour of Inquiry and Observation through the United Kingdom, and is about to publish his first Part, containing Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, &c. Dr. Richard Bright, of Guy's Hospital, has been for some time engaged in preparing for the press a second volume of his Medical Reports.

Mr. Horace Smith's new work of Zillah is said to be a Hebrew Tale relating to the early part of the reign of Herod, when the destinies of Jerusalem assumed a deep interest.

Mr. James Shaw announces a new and practical work, entitled the Parochial Lawyer, or Churchwarden and Overseer's Guide on the laws relative to parish matters, calculated for general information, and to furnish all persons liable to serve the offices of Churchwarden, Overseer, &c. with full instructions for their legal and efficient discharge.

In the Press.—The Protestant, a Tale, by the Authoress of De Foix, the White Hoods, &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir, 1820, early impressions, 10s. 6d.; India proofs, imperial 4to., 1l. 10s.; India proofs, before the letters, colombar 4to., 3l. 3s.—Buchan's Ancient Ballads, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—The Spy Unmasked, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. bds.—Bland on St. Matthew, 8vo. 16s. bds.—The Last Supper, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Dictionary of Words liable to Erroneous Pronunciation, 12mo. 2s. cloth.—Hind's Rise and Progress of Christianity, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Memoir of the Rev. Pliny Eliot, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Dazley's Geometrical Companion, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Yehring's Pronunciation of the Continental Languages, 18mo. 2s. sewed.—Morgan's Elements of Algebra, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Goldwin's Commonwealth, Vol. IV. 8vo. 16s. bds.—Life in India, or the English at Calcutta, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 8s. 6d. bds.—Amsbury on Fractures, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Abercrombie on the Stomach, 8vo. 12s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1820.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 9	From 45 to 58.	30.36 to 30.06
Friday .. 10	46. — 58.	30.16 to 30.08
Saturday .. 11	46. — 61.	30.19 to 30.06
Sunday .. 12	44. — 61.	30.32 to 30.31
Monday .. 13	40. — 62.	30.30 to Stat.
Tuesday .. 14	47. — 68.	30.30 to Stat.
Wednesday 15	41. — 57.	30.30 to 30.36

Prevailing winds N.W. and S.W.
Generally clear.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 16	From 45 to 57.	30.26 to 30.25
Friday .. 17	46. — 58.	30.11 to 30.10
Saturday .. 18	35. — 59.	30.21 to 30.18
Sunday .. 19	31. — 51.	30.16 to 30.13
Monday .. 20	39. — 50.	30.06 to 30.05
Tuesday .. 21	34. — 57.	30.05 to Stat.
Wednesday 22	42. — 65.	29.83 to 29.83

Wind variable, prevailing N.E.

Generally clear.

Rain fallen, .15 of an Inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 33" N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The volume alluded to by E. M. (Bath) was noticed when published.

We have no reason to answer in the words of the poet, *ἢ ΠΑΝΔΗΜΟΣ ἄδωκε;*

Dr. Shiel's letter has been unfortunately mislaid. We have had so much poetry in our Reviews of late, that we have not allowed our original articles in that line to overbalance our weekly sheet. In coming press times we shall make amends to our friendly contributors.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

PHILONOMIC SOCIETY. This Society will commence its Sixth Annual Session for the alternate Discussion of Legal and General Questions, on Tuesday, the first instant.

Michael Karson, Hon. Sec.
Furness's Inn Hall, 10th October, 1848.

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS. The

Medical Gazette of this day, besides the usual Matters, contains a Letter from Mr. Watson, (Secretary to the Court of Examiners), explaining the Manner in which the recent Regulations of the Apothecaries' Company apply to Pupils, according to the Periods at which they commenced their Medical Studies. Also, a report of the curious trial in the Court of King's Bench on Tuesday last, in which the Medical Evidence, especially the Examination of Mr. Green, is given in full.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 8vo. price 4s. sewed.
REMARKS. Explanatory and Illustrative, of the TRENTIAN METRIES, with a Sketch of the History, &c. of Ancient Comedy.

By JOHN McCALL, A.B. Schol. Trin. Coll. Dublin.
London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green; R. Milliken and Son, Dublin; J. J. and J. Dighton, Cambridge; and J. Parker, Oxford.

Of whom may be had,
A Synopsis of the Metres used by the Greek Tragedians, illustrated by Examples from Parnon's Hecuba, Medea, Phœnix, &c. price 1s. 6d.

A Synopsis of the various Kinds of Verse used in the Odes of Horace, 1s.

The First Part of

SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS'S PERSONAL TOUR through the UNITED KINGDOM will appear with the Magazine, on November 1st. It will include Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, and Leicestershire. Part II. to be published on December 1st, will contain Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, each Part 6s. 6d.; and it is expected that Part III. on January 1st, will embrace Yorkshire.
Printed for Messrs. Phillips, 3, Cornhill, London; and to be had of all Booksellers in Town and Country.

In 12mo. 7s. 6d. boards.

THE LAST SUPPER; or, Christ's Death

kept in Remembrance.

By the Author of the "Morning and Evening Sacrifice," and "Farewell to Time."

Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Geo. B. Whittaker, London.

Of whom may be had,
Farewell to Time, 7s. 6d. boards.

The Morning and Evening Sacrifice. 5th edition, 7s. 6d. boards.

In 8vo. price 2s. 6d.

A LETTER addressed to His Excellency

the Right Honorable General the Earl of Chatham, K.G. Governor of Gibraltar, &c. &c. relative to the Fœdral Disputes of that Garrison.

By W. W. FRASER, Esq.
Inspector of Hospitals, &c. &c. relative to the Fœdral Disputes of that Garrison.

Callow and Wilson, 16, Princes' Street, Soho.

Price 2s.

A PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY of

the most commonly used Words in the English Language, pointing out the erroneous and vulgar Pronunciation of which some Words are liable, the elegant and fashionable manner of pronouncing others, and the most general and correct accoutment of those in which Lexicographers differ.

Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane.

18mo. 7s. 6d.

THE COOK'S ORACLE, a new edition.

By WILLIAM KITCHINER, M.D.
Printed for Cadell and Co. Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

"We venture to prophesy that the 'Cook's Oracle' will be considered as the English Institute of Cookery."—*Edinburgh Review*, March 1841.

"For practical precepts, we recommend particularly and chiefly, the 'Cook's Oracle,' in which, along with the plainest directions, there is more of philosophy, and, if we may so speak, of the literature of gastronomy, than in any work we have seen."—*Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica—Article, Food.*

"The 'Cook's Oracle' we consider as the ne plus ultra of the science of eating, and the very essence of excellence in culinary literature. So much good sense, combined with such exquisite gourmanderie, so much plain pot information, conveyed in so truly humorous and original a style—place the work on the very eminence of the ample sums of cookery."—*Monthly Review*, Dec. 1841.

* * * No better proof can be given of the justice of the opinions now quoted, than the simple statement of the fact, that about 30,000 copies of the Cook's Oracle have been sold.

As above may be had,
Tales of a Grandfather, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. A new edition, 7s. 6d.

St. Valentine's Day; or, the Fair Maid of Perth. By the Author of "Waverley." 2d edition, 11. 11s. 6d.

Chronicles of the Canongate, by the Author of "Waverley." 1st Series. 2d edition, 11. 1s.

A Second Series of Tales of a Grandfather, will be published on the 27th November.

To be had of all Booksellers.

MEMOIRS of GENERAL MILLER.

In 2 vols. 8vo. price 17/11. 6d.

"His (General Miller's) personal adventures form a prominent feature in those various scenes; and his account of a multitude of the persons who have acted a conspicuous part in the struggle, as well as of the leading incidents, vicissitudes, intrigues, murders, battles, and massacres, in which they figured, give great animation to the Memoirs."—*Literary Gazette*.

"These Memoirs are for the most interesting and important work upon the recent revolutions of the new world. The military portions of the work have all the charms of a romance, united to the most scrupulous truth and fidelity; and the minutest details are rendered intelligible by the admirably executed maps and plans."—*London Weekly Review*.

"On the whole, the work is one of extreme interest, as well as of the highest authority. It is written without the slightest pretension, but in general, with perfect clearness and elegance."—*Athenæum*.

Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

A Spanish edition is in the press.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. A few Sets

still remain of the Collected Editions of the Works of the Author of Waverley, comprising from Waverley to Quentin Durward, in 25 vols. 8vo.

The same Series of Novels, in 33 vols. foolscap 8vo.

—, in 25 vols. 18mo. with Plates.

Printed for Cadell and Co. Edinburgh; to be had of all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Of whom also may be had,
Tales and Romances of the same Author,

which completes the Work to Woodstock, inclusive. These are printed in 7 vols. 8vo.

— in 9 vols. foolscap 8vo.

— and 7 vols. 18mo. with Plates.

Price 7s. 6d. neatly bound in cloth,

MUSE HYDENSES, in Two Parts, con-

sisting of Prize Poems, in Latin and English. Composed by Scholars of Hyde Abbey School, Winchester.

Printed at Jacob and Johnson's County Newspaper Office, Winchester, for Rivington's, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place; Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; and Mansel, Newgate Street, London. Sold also by Parker, Oxford; Newby, Cambridge; Brodie and Dowling, Salisbury; and all other Booksellers.

A SERIES of SERMONS. Preached in

St. John's Chapel, Eborac, during the Summer of 1827.

By the Rev. HENRY BAILEY, A.M.

8vo. 8s. boards.

Sermons on various Subjects, Doctrinal and Practical. By the Rev. James Proctor, A.M. 8vo. 10s. boards.

Occasional Thoughts on Select Texts of Scripture. By the late John Mason Good, M.D. 8vo. 6s. 6d. boards.

The Amateur's Perspective; being an Attempt to present the Theory in the simplest Form, and to methodise and arrange the Subject, as to render the Practice familiarly intelligible to the uninitiated in a few hours of study. By Richard Davenport, Esq. 4to. 18s. boards.

A new Edition of the Sacred Preceptor; or, a Series of Questions and Answers, elucidating the Doctrine, Practice, and Natural History of Scripture. For the Use of Schools and Young Persons. 18mo. 3s. neatly half-bound.

Authorities on the Sin and Danger of frequenting the Theatre. 18mo. 6d.

Practical Instructions for the Formation and Culture of the Tree Rose. 8vo. 2s. 6d. boards.

A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Ely, at a Visitation held in the Parish Church of St. Michael's, Cambridge, on Tuesday, April 29, 1838. With an Appendix. By the Rev. J. B. Browne, A.M. Archdeacon of Ely. 8vo. 5s. 6d. sewed.

Letter of the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Kanyon. 8vo. 1s.

Printed for J. Hatchard and Son, 107, Piccadilly.

Sismondi's History of France.

Published by Treuttel and Co. 39, Soho Square,

SISMONDI, Histoire des Français, Vols. X, XI, XII. 8vo. price 30s.

Vols. I. to IX. may still be had, price 4/ 10s.

Literary Property.—In 1 vol. 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

A TREATISE on the LAWS of LITERARY PROPERTY, comprising Manuscripts, Books,

Lectures, Dramatic and Musical Compositions, Engravings, Sculpture, Maps, &c. including the Piracy and Transfer of Copyright; with an Historical View, and Disquisitions on the Principles and Effect of the Law.

By ROBERT MAUGHAM,
Secretary to the Law Institution.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, Paternoster Row; Henry Dixon, 19, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn; and Adam Black, Edinburgh.

In 12mo. price 7s. boards.

PAST FEELINGS RENOVATED; or,

Ideas occasioned by the perusal of Dr. Hildbert's Philosophy of Apparitions. Written with the view of counteracting any Sentiments approaching Materialism, which that Work, however unintentional on the part of the Author, may have a tendency to produce.

Printed for G. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane.

In 8vo. price 8s. boards.

AN ESSAY on the MEANS of DISCOVERING the SENSES of WORDS.

By the Rev. JOHN PHILIPS POTTER, M.A.
Oriel College, Oxford.

Oxford: Printed for J. Parker, and G. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, London.

Nesle's Romance of History, New Edition, 3 vols. 11. 11s. 6d.; also, the Second Series, in 3 vols. early in November.

THE ROMANCE of HISTORY—

ENGLAND. By HENRY NEELE.

"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."—*Lord Byron*.

"The plan of this work is excellent; it consists of tales, founded either on legendary lore, tradition, or historical fact, for every monarch's reign, from William the Conqueror to Charles the First, inclusive."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Mr. Nesle's tales are valuable illustrations of English manners, and striking commentaries on the history of the country."—*Times*.

"Mr. Nesle has produced tales of the most intense and vivid interest."—*Literary Magnet*.

"It is a valuable addition to all histories of England extant."—*Atlas Magazine*.

In the press.

The Romance of History, Second Series,

comprising Tales, illustrative of the Romantic Annals of France, from the Reign of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIV. inclusive.

In 3 vols.

Printed for Edward Ball, New Public Subscription Library, 36, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

In 8vo. 3d edition, revised and enlarged, price 2s. 6d. boards.

A TREATISE on INDIGESTION;

illustrating the Symptoms, Varieties, Causes, and Treatment of that Disease, with Observations on some painful Complaints originating in Indigestion, as the Douloureux, Nervous Disorder, &c.

By T. J. GRAHAM, M.D. &c.

"We sincerely recommend it, and have been long convinced that such a work was imperatively called for."—*London Medical Journal*.

London: Published by W. Joy, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Sold by all Booksellers.

Also, by the same Author,

Modern Domestic Medicine. A Popular

Treatise, forming a Comprehensive and Familiar Medical Guide for the Clergy, Families, and Invalids. Third edition, in a thick vol. 8vo. price 15s.

"We conscientiously recommend it."—*Literary Chronicle*.

Books of Education, by Mason, Blair, Goldsmith, Joyce, Barrow, &c. &c.

NEW and improved Editions have just ap-

peared of the following approved Books of Education.

Mavor's Spelling-Book. 1s. 6d.

Blair's Reading Exercises, 2s. bound.

Blair's Class-Book, 5s. bound.

Miss Aikin's Poetry for Children at an early Age. A new edition, revised, 2s. half-bound.

Mavor's Selection of Classical English Poetry, forming a Volume of the choicest Productions in the Language. For the Use of Schools, 5s. 6d. bound.

Mavor's British Nepos, 6s. bound.

Mavor's Natural History, 7s. 6d. bound.

Mavor's Abridgment of Plutarch, 5s. 6d. bd.

Mavor's Universal Short Hand, 6s. boards.

Goldsmith's Grammar of General Geography, for the Use of Schools and Young Persons. A new edition, improved and modernised, illustrated with Views of the principal Capitals of the World, a Variety of Maps, &c. price 6d. bd.

Goldsmith's Geography, on a Popular Plan, for the Use of Schools and Young Persons, calculated to convey instruction by means of the striking and pleasing Associations produced by the popular Manners, Customs, and Characters of all Nations. A new edition, improved, with beautiful Engravings, Maps, &c. price 15s. bound.

Joyce's Arithmetic, 3s. bound.

Key to ditto, 3s. bound.

Barrow's Fifty-Two School Sermons, 7s. bd.

Morrison's Elements of Book-Keeping, by Single and Double Entry, 8vo. 6s. half-bound.

Crocker's Elements of Land Surveying, in all its Branches, with Copper-Plates and Woodcuts, 8s. bound.

Printing for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

Of whom may be had, gratis,

A Catalogue of the most approved School Books used in Public and Private Education.

De Lisle, in 3 vols. 11. 11s. 6d.; also a New Novel, by the same Author, will appear the 1st of November.

DE LISLE; or, the Sensitive Man.

"This is unquestionably one of the best novels of the class to which it belongs."—*Times*.

"It presents a richer abundance of circumstances and sentiments than we can readily recall in any recent writer, equalling the author of 'De Vere' in the latter, and excelling him infinitely in the former."—*Monthly Magazine*.

"It is a novel of the most extraordinary facility, it is in truth the book of instinct."—*Atlas*.

In the press.

A New Novel, in 3 vols. by the Author of

"De Lisle."

Printed for Edward Ball, New Public Subscription Library, 36, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

